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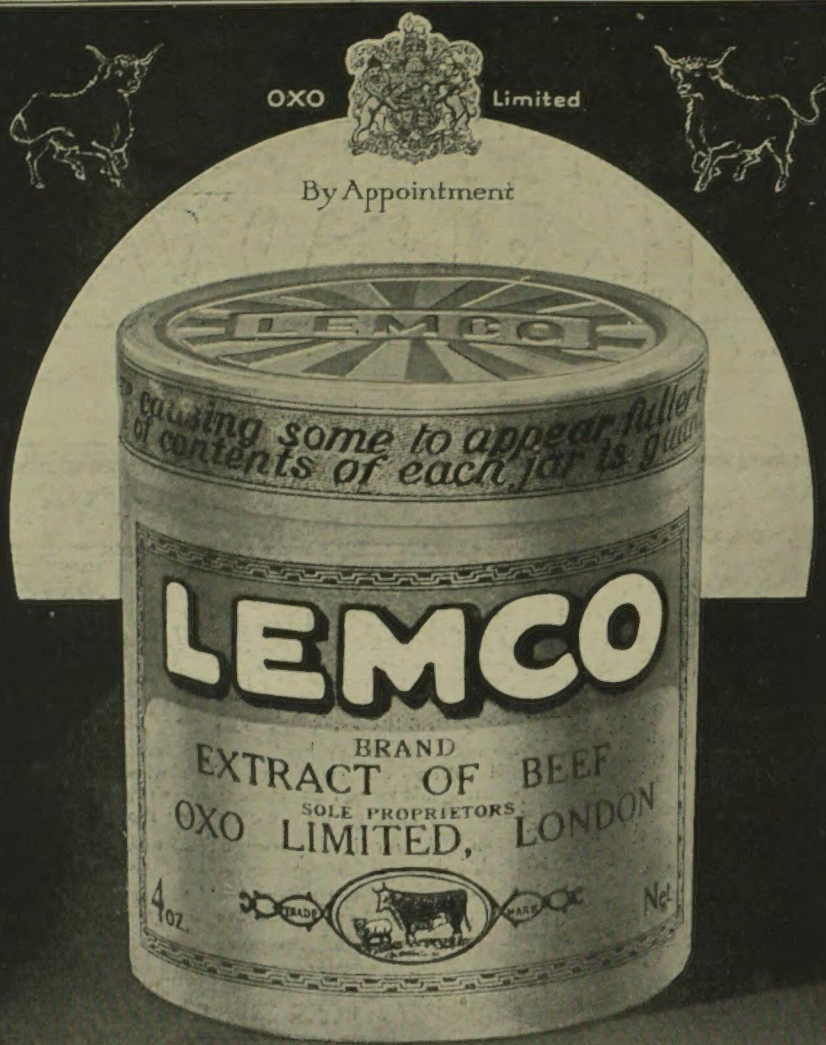
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1922.

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THE NEW POPE: HIS HOLINESS PIUS XI., FORMERLY KNOWN AS CARDINAL RATTI, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN.

After three days of inconclusive balloting, the Conclave of Cardinals at Rome on February 6 elected as Pope Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan and formerly Librarian at the Vatican. The new Pope has taken the name of Pius XI. Though sixty-four years of age, he was one of the youngest of the Cardinals, and his rise to eminence has been rapid, like that of his predecessor, Benedict XV. with whom he was closely associated, and whose policy will, it is said, be

perpetuated by the new appointment. It was only last year that the new Pope became Archbishop of Milan and a Cardinal. During the war he was Papal Nuncio at Warsaw at a time when the Polish situation was causing anxiety at the Vatican, and was entrusted with other confidential missions in belligerent countries. He is reputed to be very learned, and to know many languages. He was for over twenty years in charge of the great Ambrosian Library at Milan.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SERVIZIO FOTOGRAFICO ITALIANO PER LA STAMPA ESTERA.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MR. W. R. TITTERTON, one of the most spirited and independent of living critics, has just written a vigorous satire called "The Madness of the Arts." It has set me thinking about the meaning of the monstrosities on which he wages so heroic a war; on the modern mood that is behind so many of the really meaningless extravagances, from poetry that is formless to statuary that is deformed. Mr. Titterton's denunciation deals faithfully (in every sense) with its moral causes; but I think it also has intellectual causes. I fancy the advanced arts are really the dregs of the nineteenth-century notion of novelty as progress. In practical things, like politics and economics, we are talking about reconstruction, which must in a sense be reaction. It is odd that the students of art should alone be so retrograde as to be merely progressive, and be so much the slaves of the past as still to worship the future. For in art it is harder to prove this version of progress than in anything else. We know that the Parthenon is not inferior to the Pavilion at Brighton. We know that the "Iliad" is not even inferior to the "Idylls of the King." In that matter even the nineteenth century did not worship the twentieth century; but the artists of the twentieth century still worship the twenty-first century. The poets of *vers libre* are particularly anxious to be as new as possible. The critics are still newer, and may be said to praise the poetry before it is written.

It is one thing to swallow the new art and another thing merely to swallow the new art criticism. And as a rule, I fancy, it is rather easier to find new art criticism than new art. What I mean by the new art criticism is a sort of metaphysics which involves not only mysticism but prophecy. It is an anticipation of the artistic forms that could be produced; an indignant challenge as to why they should not be produced; a solemn warning of the fate of the blind and belated who shall be found among their persecutors when they are produced. The only thing it does not do is to produce them. Now this sort of argument is both easy and difficult to answer. Suppose a man says: "Why am I not free to produce a sublime architectural effect with thirty-seven butter-tubs, three gas-pipes, and a packing-case? Why should I not make beauty out of these?" There seems to be no answer except to say, "Why not, indeed?" If he will produce sublime architecture out of them, I shall not complain of the sublimity. If he will make beauty from them, I shall not condemn them for contriving to be beautiful. I do not wish to veto butter-tubs as some people wish to veto beer-barrels. I do not think it necessary to penalise gas-pipes, as I do to penalise poison gas. My attitude towards the experiment may be described as one of patient expectancy—of hope not unmingled with doubt. I am waiting for the moment when the pagoda of tubs shall strike my soul like a thunderbolt out of the sky; when I shall stagger with admiration at some perfect poise and balance of pipes and packing-cases which I had never foreseen even in my dreams. I say nothing of that inspiring moment of my life, except that it has not yet come. And in the same way, the conundrum of the workshops as propounded concerning

poetry or painting, seems to me to be simply a riddle which is not, in fact, accompanied with an answer. The new critic says in effect: "Why are not the young poets free to produce moving and inspiring poetry with the broken cadence of ordinary conversation, and without all these arbitrary measurements of rhyme and recurrence; why should they not make beauty out of ordinary speech?" And the answer is exactly the same. If the question means "Is there any moral or other reason why a man should not write exquisite and intoxicating *vers libre*, if he can?" the answer is "No, of course not." If the question means "Do the poets in question actually do so?" the answer is "Not so far as I have noticed." If the question means "Why should it be impossible, if

words are brilliantly selected and combined to suggest an idea, in the style of an essay of Stevenson. Scorn speaks there in curious but clear and well-chosen words. But scorn does not sing; as scorn does sing when Shakespeare speaks of pedantry and the idolatry of books—

Why all delights are vain, and that most vain
That with pain purchased doth inherit pain;

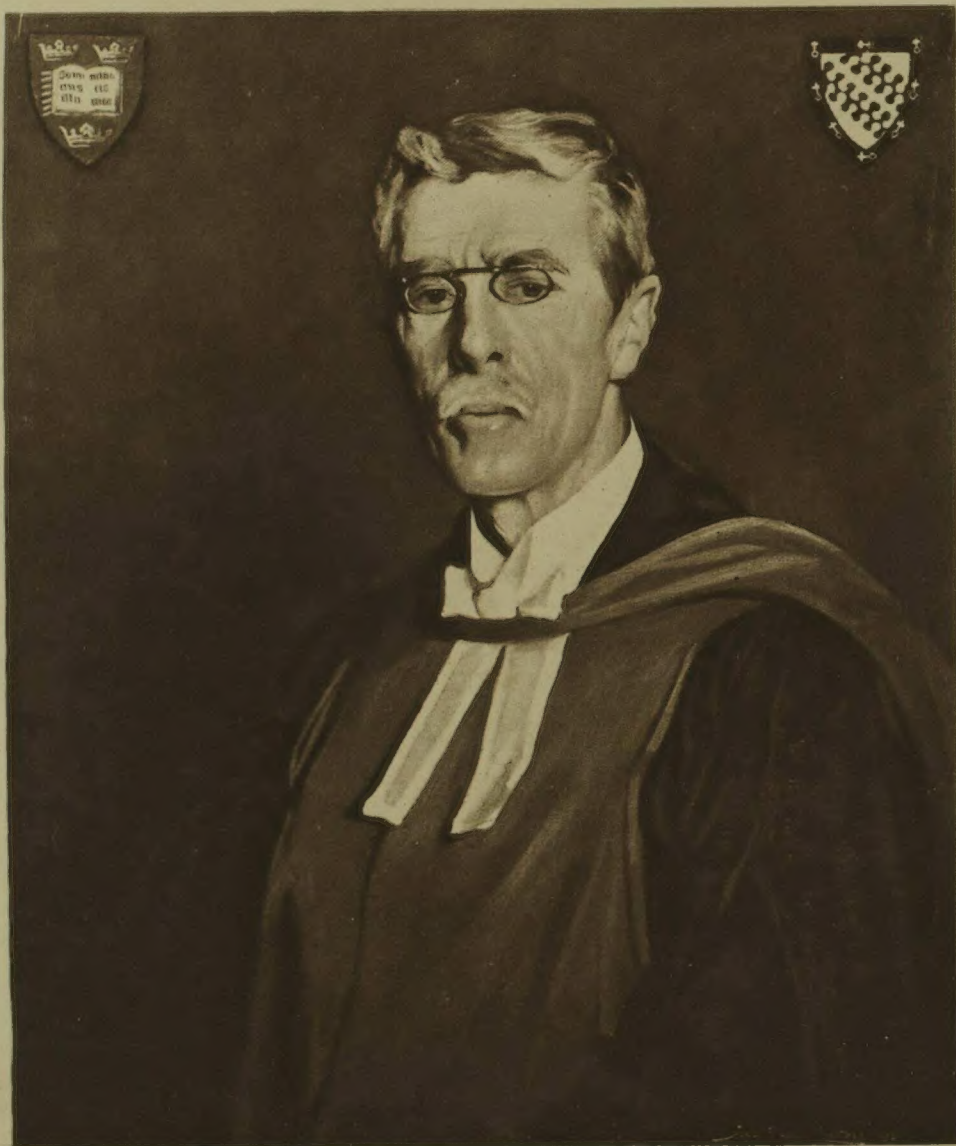
and where he goes on to say that the learned astronomers "have no more profit of the shiny nights than those that walk and wot not what they are." When Walt Whitman writes "I do not give common gifts; when I give, I give myself," the line has something in it of a sublime epigram; it might be carved on a rock, but hardly sung to a lyre. And if anybody says there is anything in the mere sound of the line that soars as do those last lines of Crashaw's "Ode to St. Theresa," where he talks of surrendering himself, I reply respectfully that there is not.

But Walt Whitman was by far the greatest man who ever used free verse. Perhaps I might say he was the only great man who ever used free verse. And the more modern experiments do not even raise this degree of doubt and suspension of judgment. Not much of them is literature, let alone poetry. Not many of the poets can speak plain, let alone sing clearly. And we mostly have to do not with the poets but with the prophets; the metaphysical critics who merely predict that the future will see the poets in the security of greatness and glory. And it is against this dogmatic method that I revolt even more than against any technical method. I revolt against this dogmatism because it is determinism. If we are to have free verse, we may as well at least have free will; and the least one can ask of free verse is that a man, even in the future, should be free to write it or not as he chooses.

That is why I find a text in Mr. Titterton's spirited little book; because he is emphatically a man who champions freedom against free art, as against free love. He sees a great deal of the new culture as not only cramped with affectations, but really under the bondage of vices. The sort of poetry that is said "under a leering moon" tends to obscurity rather in the sense of secrecy. Some of these poets, indeed, can talk as plainly as they know how, and still be obscure. Their style is a sort of impediment in the speech; their only rhythm or recurrence resembles the repetition of stammering. But the best argument against this style of verse is in two lines of Mr. Titterton's own, written in a style which is a parody of what it criticises; lines in which he advised the young poet to be a pessimist, and added—

For goodness sake don't get cheerful
Or you might get rhythmic by mistake.

That really summarises all sound criticism in the matter; for the measure and refrain of poetry is not an artificial thing, but the most natural of all natural things; the spontaneous form of everything spiritual, especially high spirits. And many a man has unconsciously answered all the modern criticism, by merely humming to himself as he walked along a country lane.



THE "BANNING" VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY: DR. L. R. FARNELL.

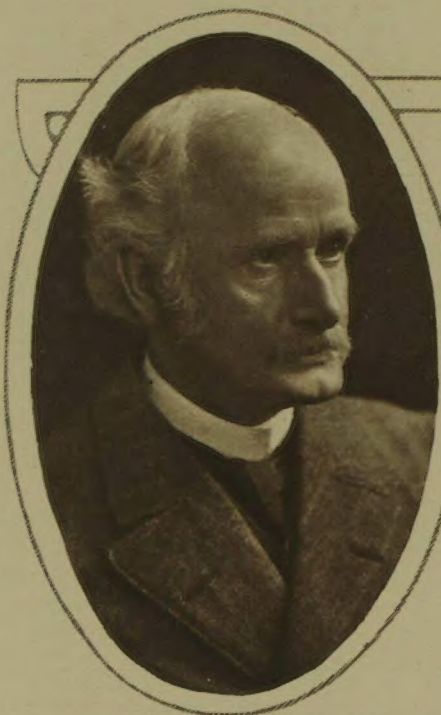
Dr. Farnell, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford since last year, provoked criticism lately by the part he took in banning Grand Guignol plays and sending down two Communists. He next prohibited a meeting organised by the Oxford Student Christian Movement, at which Miss Maude Royden was to have spoken on "The Social Relations of the Sexes." It was arranged, however, for the meeting to be held at Mansfield College, by permission of Dr. Selbie. Dr. Farnell recently received by post a box of chocolate which Professor Soddy found to have been sprinkled with powdered glass, which, he said, "is a favourite Eastern poison." Dr. Farnell is Rector of Exeter College. In 1894 he was a Proctor. Among his books are "Greece and Babylon," "Cults of the Greek States," and "An Englishman's Adventures on German Rivers."—[From the Painting by John St. Helier Lander.]

it is so far impossible, to produce the very best poetry in this way?" the answer is "I am sure I have not the faintest idea."

It is important to make a distinction here. If I say I have never seen free verse that is in the fullest sense poetry, I do not mean I have never seen free verse that was in the fullest sense literature. I have seen unmetrical lines that were so good as literature that they would be indisputably good as prose. There are passages of Walt Whitman that have all the qualities of literature, but rather especially the qualities of prose: a flexible variety of epithet fitted to the object and not merely to the mood; a power of epigram which is purely intellectual, and even purely logical. When Whitman, taking to the open road, says that he leaves behind "indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticism," it seems to me that the

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, C.N., RUSSELL, BACON, I.B., BREMNER (SIMLA AND LAHORE), BARRATT, JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY, AND VANDYK.



PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AT GLASGOW FOR 27 YEARS: THE LATE SIR H. JONES.



THE PREMIER-DESIGNATE OF EGYPT: SARWAT PASHA.



FORMERLY BISHOP OF BOMBAY: THE LATE DR. J. MACARTHUR.



A GREAT GUERRILLA LEADER IN THE BOER WAR: THE LATE GENERAL DE WET.



THE LATE MR. JAMES W. TATE, THE POPULAR COMPOSER.



KILLED BY A MOTOR CAR: THE LATE SIR ALFRED BIRD, M.P.

SIR HENRY JONES was born in North Wales in 1852, and began life as a shoemaker. Then he won a bursary, and went to Glasgow University. He held professorships at Aberystwith, Bangor, and St. Andrews before, in 1894, he succeeded Professor Caird (who went to Oxford as Master of Balliol) in the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. Among his best-known books are "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher," "Idealism as a Practical Creed," "The Working Faith of the Social Reformer," and "Principles of Citizenship." One of his sons is the author of "The Road to Endor," describing an escape from the Turks in Mesopotamia.—Sarwat Pasha came to the fore in Egypt during the events which led to the return of Lord Allenby, the High

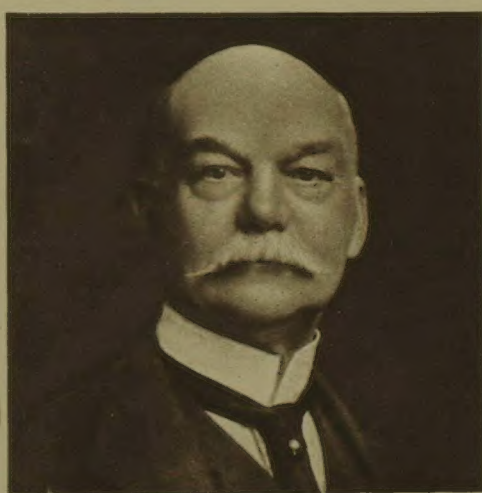
[Continued opposite.]



A WELL-KNOWN INDIAN RULER WHO HAS ARRANGED TO ENTERTAIN THE PRINCE OF WALES: HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA, WITH HIS FOUR SONS.

[Continued.] Commissioner, to London to discuss the Egyptian situation with the Cabinet.—Dr. James Macarthur, who died suddenly at Shanklin, aged 73, had been Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight since 1906. After being Vicar of St. Mary's, Vincent Square, and later of South Acton, he became Bishop of Bombay. In 1903 he came home and was made Bishop Suffragan of Southampton.—General Christian De Wet was one of the most famous Boer leaders in the South African War, remarkable for his "elusiveness and ubiquity." He was born in 1854. Shortly before his death, on February 3, he received a letter of greeting from "the, Irish De Wet," Michael Collins.—Mr. James W. Tate was best known by his stage nickname of "That," under which he appeared with his wife, Miss Clarice Mayne.

[Continued below.]



OFFERED THE POST OF HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA IN LONDON: MR. P. C. LARKIN.



TO BE THE BRIDEGROOM'S BEST MAN AT PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING: SIR VICTOR MACKENZIE, BT., D.S.O.



APPOINTED PRIVATE SOLICITOR TO THE KING: MR. BERNARD BIRCHAM.

[Continued.] He composed her songs and the music for various revues and pantomimes, including "The Peep Show." He was at one time musical director of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. His first wife was Miss Lottie Collins.—The Maharajah of Kapurthala has arranged to entertain the Prince of Wales during the Prince's visit to the Punjab. The Maharajah succeeded his father in 1877.—Mr. P. C. Larkin, who may succeed Sir George Perley as High Commissioner for Canada in London, is a well-known tea merchant in Toronto.—Mr. Bernard Bircham, who succeeds the late Sir Henry White as solicitor to the King, was admitted a solicitor in 1891, and is a member of the firm of Messrs.

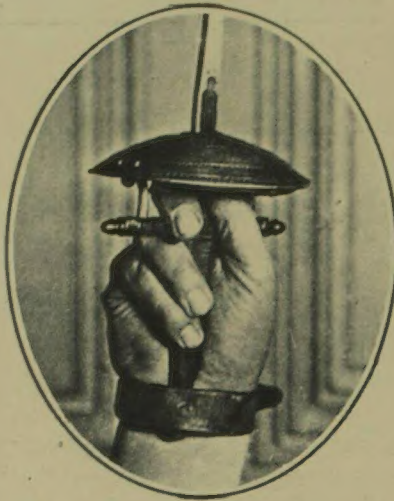
Bircham and Co., of Parliament Street, Westminster, and Old Broad Street.—Sir Alfred Bird was knocked down by a motor car at Hyde Park Corner early on February 7, and died a few minutes later in St. George's Hospital. He was formerly head of a Birmingham firm of manufacturing chemists, and had been M.P. (Unionist) for West Wolverhampton since 1910.—Sir Victor Mackenzie, who is to be best man to Viscount Lascelles at his wedding to Princess Mary, succeeded to his baronetcy in 1906. In the war he commanded the Special Reserve Battalion of the Scots Guards, with the temporary rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He is a keen sportsman, and owns an estate near Balmoral.

A MISCELLANY: FOILS; THE I.R.A.; GOLF; TENNIS TURF; CATTLE DISEASE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEURISSE, TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE. L.N.A., AND S. J. SHARP.



THE GREAT FOIS MATCH IN PARIS: CAVALIERE ALDO NADI (ITALY), THE LOSER.



ACCORDING TO THE ITALIAN SCHOOL OF FENCING: CAVALIERE NADI'S GRIP.



ACCORDING TO THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF FENCING: M. GAUDIN'S GRIP.



THE WINNER OF THE GREAT FOIS MATCH IN PARIS: M. LUCIEN GAUDIN (FRANCE).



THE IRISH ARMY "TAKES OVER" FROM THE AUXILIARIES IN DUBLIN: I.R.A. OFFICERS.



IRISH PIPERS OF THE NEW ARMY IN DUBLIN: THE BAND HEADING A DETACHMENT ENTERING BEGGAR'S BUSH BARRACKS.



MR. MULCAHY, MINISTER OF DEFENCE (ON LEFT), PRESENTING COLOURS TO AN I.R.A. OFFICER.



THE MOVEMENTS OF A GOLF DRIVE CINEMATOGRAPHED: MR. HAROLD PARSONS, CAPTAIN OF THE FLACKWELL HEATH GOLF CLUB, AT LOUDWATER, NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE, IN THE CHILTERN HILLS, DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE.



WHERE THE TURF FOR THE NEW CHAMPIONSHIP LAWN-TENNIS COURTS AT WIMBLEDON CAME FROM: A TURF-CUTTER AT WORK ON THE SOLWAY MARSHES.

The great foils match at the Cirque de Paris on January 30 between M. Lucien Gaudin, the famous French amateur, and Cavalier Aldo Nadi, the young Italian fencing champion, aroused enormous interest. M. Gaudin won by twenty hits to eleven. He is thirty-six, and his opponent twenty-two. They represent two different schools of fence. "French fencers," writes an expert, "hold the foil in the hand, and it is the fingers that give to the blade its intricate complication of movements. . . . The Italians have the hilt strapped to the wrist. The fingers are folded tightly over a cross-bar under the bell-shaped guard."—A good

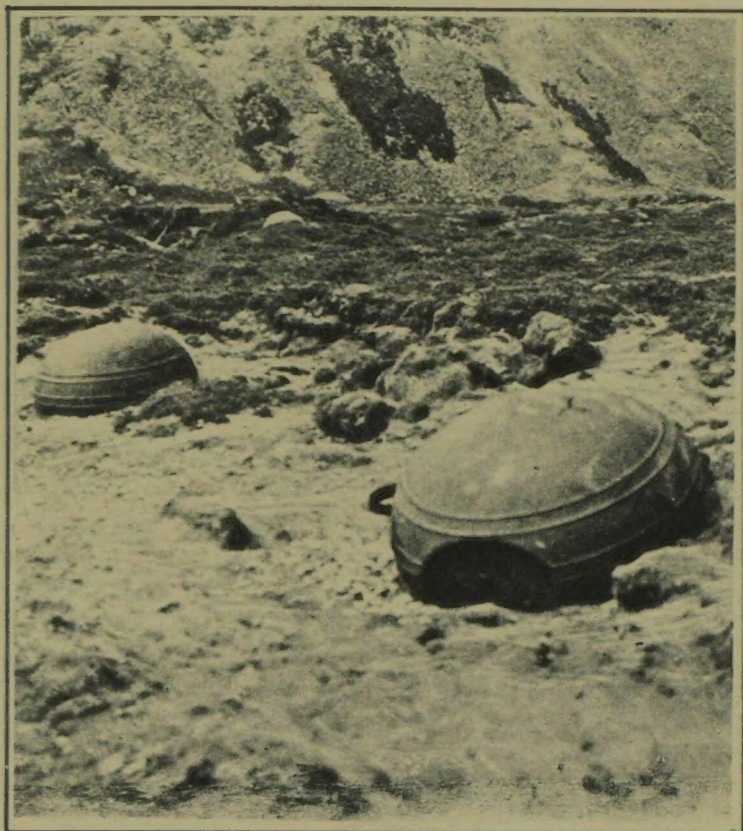


THE GREAT FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE EPIDEMIC, WHICH HAS NECESSITATED SLAUGHTERING 10,000 ANIMALS: A BEDFORDSHIRE FARMER DISINFECTING HIS STOCK.

object-lesson in driving at golf is afforded by the above film photographs of Mr. Harold Parsons. His handicap is three, and he holds the competition record (seventy-one) of the Flackwell course.—Lawn-tennis players will be interested in the cutting of the famous Solway turf from the marshes bordering the English side of the Solway Firth, as the new lawns at Wimbledon have been laid with it. It is much used for tennis lawns and bowling-greens.—The Ministry of Agriculture stated on February 7 that 428 outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease had then been confirmed, and the slaughter of nearly 10,000 animals had been authorised.

THE WHITE SOUTH TO HAVE HIS BONES: THE BURIAL OF SHACKLETON.

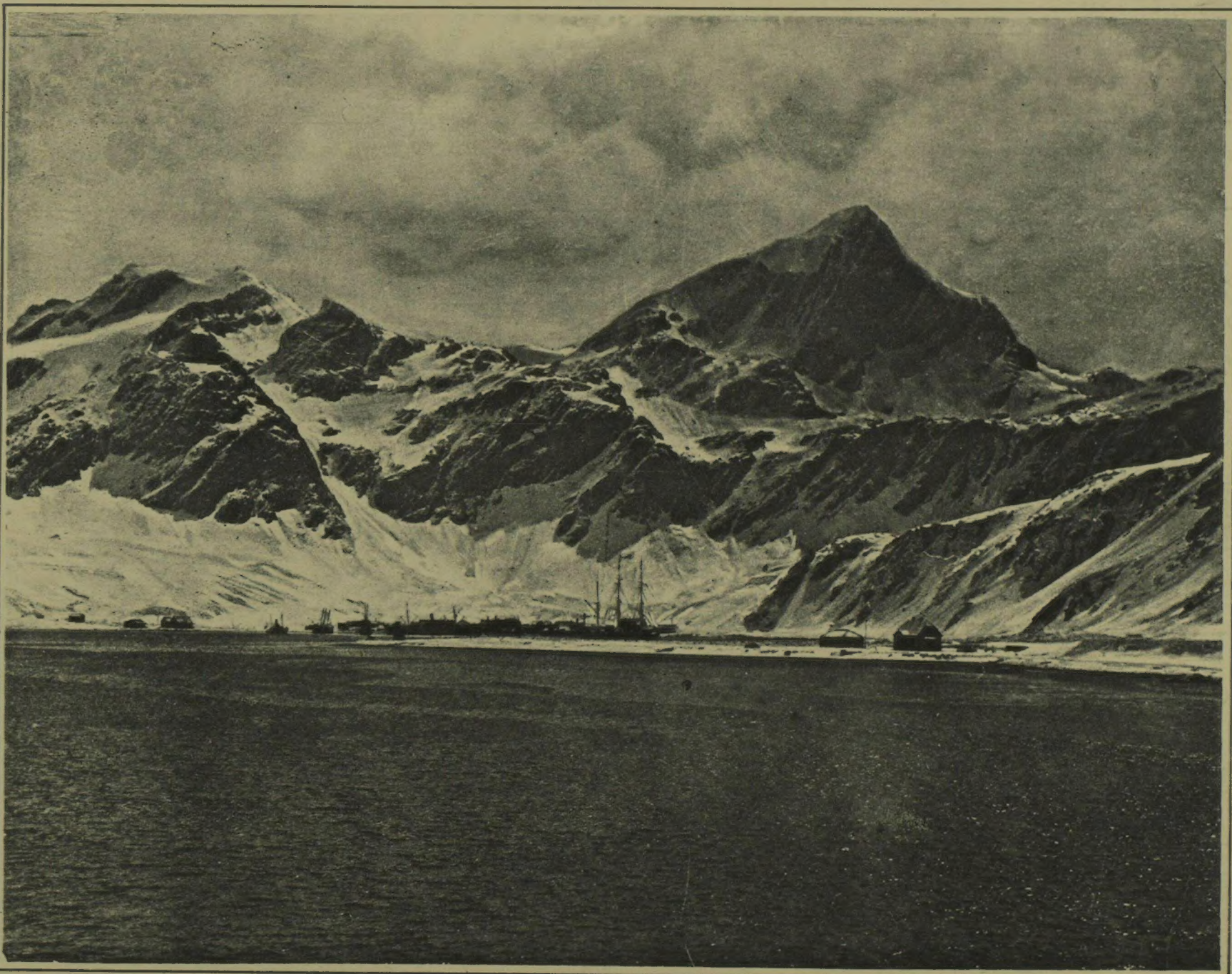
PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. STAMMWITZ, AND CLARKE AND HYDE.



ONCE USED FOR MELTING BLUBBER: ANCIENT BOILING-POTS THAT GIVE GRYTVIKEN (POT COVE) ITS NAME.



WHERE ERNEST SHACKLETON WILL PROBABLY BE BURIED: THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT GRYTVIKEN, THE WHALING STATION IN SOUTH GEORGIA.



ASSOCIATED WITH THE MOST HEROIC EPISODE OF HIS CAREER—THE RESCUE OF HIS COMRADES ON ELEPHANT ISLAND: GRYTVIKEN, WHERE THE BODY OF SHACKLETON WILL REST AT THE GRIM GATE OF THE ANTARCTIC—THE TOWN AND MOUNTAINS FROM THE SEA.

After the body of Sir Ernest Shackleton, who died suddenly in the "Quest" off Grytviken on January 5, had been brought as far as Montevideo on the homeward voyage to England, Lady Shackleton decided, in deference to what she believed would have been his wish, to have it taken back to South Georgia to be buried there on the scene of his greatest exploit. It was at Grytviken that, six years ago, he arrived, in the last state of exhaustion, after crossing South Georgia (for the first time) from the other side, which he had reached by a perilous journey of 800 miles in a small open boat with two companions. They came to obtain help to rescue their comrades left on Elephant Island, and after several attempts

Shackleton at last succeeded in reaching them and bringing them back to safety. It is expected that his grave will be in the English church at Grytviken. Since the news of his death, an account has come from Captain Hussey, who took the body to Montevideo, of a terrific storm which the "Quest" weathered before reaching Grytviken. Shackleton had no rest for two days, and was on the bridge all night, harassed also by engine trouble and a shortage of water. The ancient blubber boiling-pots shown in the first photograph were left at Grytviken (Pot Cove) by American sealers eighty years ago. In winter they are covered with twenty or thirty feet of snow.

FOOTBALL BOOMING! INTERNATIONAL, SERVICE, AND LEAGUE MATCHES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IAN SMITH (EDINBURGH), SPORT AND GENERAL, I.B., AND TOPICAL.



THE INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH AT EDINBURGH: SCOTLAND V. WALES—
OPEN PLAY NEAR THE WELSH GOAL.



THE DRAWN GAME BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND WALES AT EDINBURGH:
A SCRUM ALMOST ON THE WELSH GOAL-LINE.



THE SERVICE "RUGGER" MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB: THE ROYAL NAVY TEAM,
WHICH BEAT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE BY 9 POINTS TO 6.



BEATEN BY THE ROYAL NAVY BY 3 TRIES TO A PENALTY GOAL AND 1 TRY:
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TEAM AT QUEEN'S CLUB.



ROYAL INTEREST IN LEAGUE FOOTBALL: THE DUKE OF YORK SHAKING HANDS
WITH THE ARSENAL TEAM WHICH BEAT NEWCASTLE UNITED.

Saturday, February 4, was a great day for football matches both under Rugby and Association rules. The chief match of the former kind was that between Scotland and Wales at Edinburgh, which resulted in a draw, Scotland scoring a penalty goal and two tries, and Wales a placed goal and a dropped goal—nine points each. The match provided a splendid exhibition of forward play.—At Queen's Club the Navy beat the Air Force by three tries (nine points) to a



ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL IN LONDON: THE DUKE OF YORK SHAKING HANDS WITH
THE NEWCASTLE UNITED TEAM, DEFEATED BY THE ARSENAL AT HIGHBURY.

penalty goal and a try (six points). It was said to be the last Rugby football match which will ever be played on that ground.—Among the Association-League matches played on the same date, one of the most interesting was that between Woolwich Arsenal and Newcastle United at Highbury. The Duke of York was present, and both teams were introduced to him before the match. The game resulted in a win for the Arsenal by two goals to one.

THE HOPE OF EGYPT: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAULL AND FOX.



INVITED TO LONDON TO ADVISE THE GOVERNMENT ON THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION: FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT ALLENBY, THE POPULAR HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Lord Allenby's home-coming in order to lay before the Cabinet his views as to a settlement in Egypt will doubtless mark a turning-point in the situation. It was said that he found it impossible to carry out the Government's previous policy, and that he came prepared, if necessary, to resign; but everyone in Egypt—British and Egyptian alike—hoped that he would return to his post as High Commissioner, in which he has won universal esteem. The recent communiqué by

the Foreign Office on the Egyptian question provided the basis for a new policy, and it was expected that a statement would be made in Parliament after the Cabinet had conferred with Lord Allenby. He left Cairo on February 3, and was due in London on the 8th, after crossing the Mediterranean in the Italian Lloyd steamer "Vienna." On his departure from Cairo, and elsewhere in Egypt, he received remarkable demonstrations of goodwill from all classes and nationalities.

TITANIA'S MAN-MADE PALACE.

THE building of Titania's Palace came about in this wise.

"Titania had just come back from a flash round Kensington Gardens. Fairies, as you know, don't walk, and they don't exactly fly; they dart about like a dragon-fly, and they call it 'going out for a flash.'"

"She came into the fairy bower rather hot and tired.

"Obe," she said, as she took off her dewdrop collar, 'I've made a discovery!' She liked to

where two humans, husband and wife, were sitting, comfortable and drowsy after dinner, one on each side of the fireplace.

"The Fairy Queen alighted on tiptoe on the back of the arm-chair close to the husband's ear, for he was an old friend of hers. A long time ago, she had a country home in Ireland, pleasantly situated in a beech wood at the foot of an old sycamore. She was so fond of this home of hers that she asked the Man, one moon-lit evening, if he would draw a picture of it for her.

"I want you to build me a palace."

"The Man nearly woke up.

"W-A-N-T M-E T-O B-U-I-L-D Y-O-U A P-A-L-A-C-E!" he repeated, just like that.

"But I'm not an architect," he objected.

"It's not the least good your making excuses," said Titania firmly; "you said you were only a poor ignorant soldier when you made that drawing of our Irish home; but we were quite pleased with it."

"But you want somebody who is a carpenter, and a decorator, and a builder, and a stonemason, and a wood-carver, and a plumber, and a potter, and a silversmith, and a . . . but you haven't a notion, Ma'am, what a lot of different craftsmen it takes to build a Palace."

"Oh, I leave all the details to you," she said airily. . . . "I'll be back in a day or two to see the plans."

"Please wait a moment—give me some idea—" began the Man.

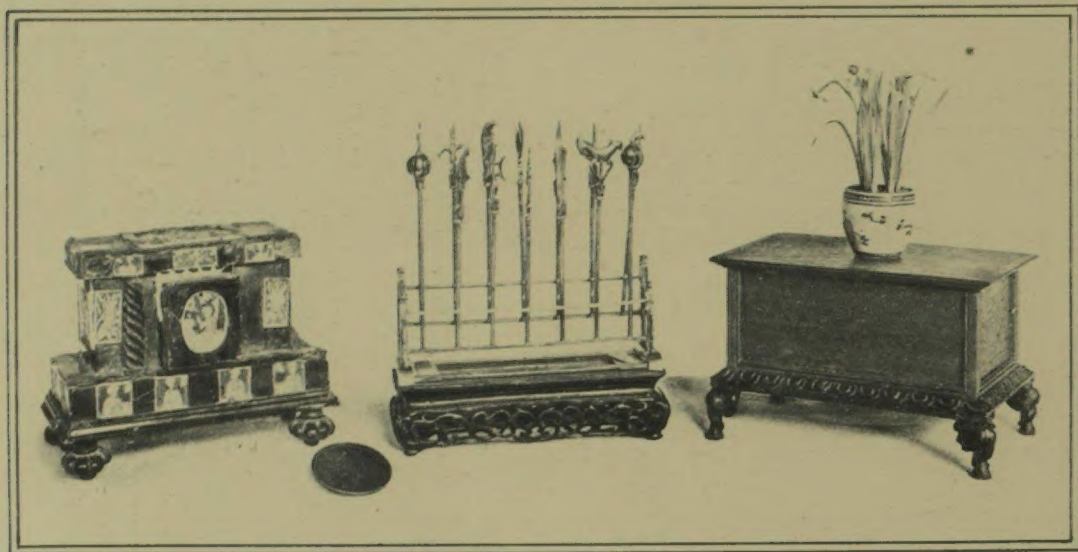
"But she flashed off, just touching the tip of his nose with her foot, which woke him up.

"My dear," said his wife, 'how you have been snoring!'"

And the human husband—being Sir Nevile Wilkinson, Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order—remembered his dream and thought well upon it; and in due time he set down the story as it is now related, making it a part of "Yvette in Italy, and Titania's Palace," and saying to himself, knowing that charity is beloved of the Fairies, "I will build this Palace and it shall be shown, and of the proceeds of the book twenty per cent. shall be divided between the League of Pity, of the N.S.P.C.C., and the Children's Union, of the Waifs and Strays; and the remainder shall be devoted to the building and decorating of the Palace; and whosoever shall send to me the sum of eight shillings and sixpence, addressing it to 6, Duchess Street, London, W.1, or to the publishers called Hodder and Stoughton, or to any bookseller of repute, the same shall receive a copy of the work."

Whereupon, Sir Nevile, chiefly with his own skill, but aided a little by craftsmen, laboured right quickly, that the Palace might be ready for its Exhibition in the Woman's Section at Olympia in July of the present year of grace.

And he decided that the building should stand upon an area over fifty feet square, and be as to life as an inch is to a foot; and that there should be contained in it a Hall of the Guilds; Private Apartments; Chapel and Throne-Room; Fountain Court, and King's Study; Queen's Boudoir,



WITH A PENNY FOR COMPARISON—MINIATURE FURNITURE FOR TITANIA'S PALACE: "A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN CASKET, OLD-FASHIONED WEAPONS, AND AN INDO-PORTUGUESE COFFER.

Photograph by Press Portraits Bureau.

call him Obe because it sounded American and up to date."

"You always were a clever darling," said Oberon, as he helped her to arrange her wings comfortably on the sofa. He was very fond of Titania, but he didn't like her habit of calling him Obe—it sounded so abrupt for a King.

"I've discovered," continued his consort putting her feet up and smoothing down her gossamer, 'that what children really like is something made by humans. Not sunbeams or shadows, or those funny knotted tree-trunks, all gnarled and twistyways, they always put in our fairy-books. No. They like toy engines and boats and motor-cars and scooters; and what do you think they like best of all?—little girls, I mean?'"

"I must think that over," said Oberon. "Just pass me my pollen-box"—and he took a pinch. "It clears the brain," he added apologetically.

"It's a nasty habit, and I wish you would give it up; I'm always brushing your waistcoat petals," grumbled Titania.

"But her husband only sneezed.

"Let me think," he said. "What do little girls like best? I have it! Acid Drops!"—for he hadn't a very high opinion of the human child.

"You're quite wrong," said the Queen triumphantly. "They like Dolls'-houses. Yes; Dolls'-houses, with lots of tiny furniture in them."

"I've been doing a lot of thinking," went on his wife, ignoring the interruption, 'and I've come to the conclusion that something must be done to revive the children's interest in fairies.'

"They are so lazy nowadays that they never get up in the moonlight to see our dances round the toad-stools; and how many children know a Fairy Ring when they see it? There's no help for it; we must have a Palace.' And she said it in so determined a tone that Oberon could only murmur, 'But, my dear, consider the expense!'"

"We must have a Palace," she repeated with decision; 'and it must be open to human children at least three days in the week—the State Rooms only, of course. As to expense, it isn't going to cost us a penny!'"

"Well, my dear," said Oberon, much relieved, 'if you get our Palace built for nothing, you'll be a cleverer little woman than I ever thought you, and that's saying a great deal! We certainly cannot afford any extra expense just now, with the Taxes and Cost of Living what they are. Why, only yesterday I had to pay eleven raspberries more for that little bit of mossy bank we rent from old Mother Hedgehog; and even then she was quite spiny about it!'"

"That very evening Titania put her plan into action. She flashed into a comfortable room,

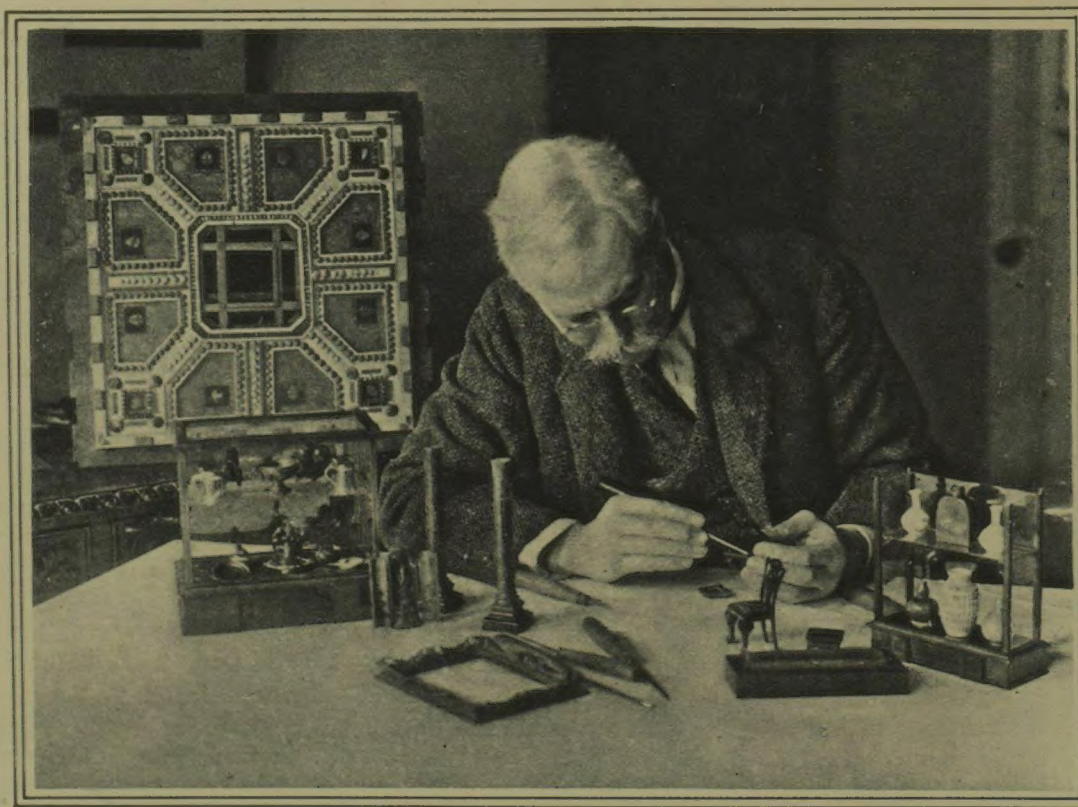
"So for many days the Man sat at his easel in front of that old sycamore, while she sat on the end of the cross-piece on which his drawing-board rested, and watched him. And she wouldn't let him leave out a single leaf on the laurel which grew by the door.

"Where is the door?"

"Of course, fairies never let you see the door they go in and out by. Why, you little sillies, all sorts of undesirable things, like wasps and spiders, might want to come in too. So it's always kept very secret, and, although the Man knew where it was, he never let it out.

"Now you know why the Fairy Queen came to the Man while he was having forty winks.

"I want your help," she whispered; but he



MAKING FURNITURE AND FITTINGS FOR TITANIA'S PALACE: SIR NEVILE WILKINSON AT WORK ON HIS ARTISTIC HOBBY.

Major Sir Nevile Wilkinson has been Ulster King of Arms since 1908. He served in the South African War and in the Great War, during which he was on the Staff of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.—[Photograph by Press Portraits Bureau.]

only gave a little bubbling kind of snort, which made his wife look up and smile.

"Then he suddenly realised who was speaking. 'I beg your pardon, Ma'am,' he murmured—'what was it you said?'"

and a Hall of the Fairy Kiss, with other attributes of a most desirable residence.

[Extract from Sir Nevile Wilkinson's book, "Yvette in Italy and Titania's Palace," by permission of the author and the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.]

BUILT FOR TITANIA: AN INCH-TO-THE-FOOT "PALACE."

By COURTESY OF SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON. PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



FLORENTINE ART REPRODUCED IN MINIATURE: THE VESTIBULE, OR HALL OF THE GUILDS, IN TITANIA'S PALACE, THE WORK OF SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS' EXHIBITION.

Sir Neville Wilkinson tells on the opposite page how he came to build Titania's Palace, which might be described as a "super doll's house," practically a museum in miniature of Italian art. The story is told at length in his book, "Yvette in Italy and Titania's Palace," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Part of the profits of the book are to be divided between The League of Pity (National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children) and The Children's Union (Waifs and Strays). The above photograph shows the Vestibule, the smallest portion of the building. It is Florentine in feeling,

and the shields of arms held by the fairies are those of the Guilds of Florence; while on the coved ceiling are the arms of the principal Florentine families. Sir Neville has worked the whole scheme on the scale of one inch to one foot. The interior decoration was carried out by him, with the assistance of friends and fellow-craftsmen who carry out his designs. He only commenced this palace since the war, and he has done practically all the interior himself, in his spare time. The exterior is the work of Mr. James Hicks and Mr. Thomas Lennon, of Dublin. The whole building covers an area of about fifty square feet.

Crossing the Channel in Prehistoric Times.

BY A. FORESTIER.

(See Facing Page, and Pages 184 and 185.)

THE transition from the Miocene period to the following one, the Pliocene, was distinguished by remarkable and far-reaching changes. The Miocene was a tropical and sub-tropical period, one of hot rains and immense forests, with the flora and the fauna of tropical countries. It was the time when extinct species such as the mastodon and the dinotherium flourished; a time when apes and monkeys lived in trees; when perhaps the earliest attempts at transmutation from the ape stage into rudimentary man-like forms may have commenced.

When the strata of the Lower Pliocene were deposited, the climatic conditions gradually passed from tropical to temperate ones, similar to those of the present day.

Animal and vegetable species were altered in consequence. Plants of the temperate zones existing in the Miocene period were in the minority, and sparsely distributed. In the cooler temperature they assumed a greater importance, while, on the contrary, the tropical vegetation showed a tendency to dwindle down and disappear.

This growing cooling process corresponded to a gradual and extensive elevation of the land level in the northern part of the world. Europe was raised considerably and its boundaries extended far beyond their present limits. It joined North Africa from Spain to Morocco, and from Italy through Sicily to Tunis, while inland seas like the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, were reduced to small lakes; and the Baltic, the Adriatic, the Sea of Marmora, and, in Asia, the Aral Sea, were dried up altogether.

With the bed of the Channel 600 feet above sea level, the British Isles had become part of the Continent. The Irish Sea was a mere lake; the North Sea transformed into a vast plain extending beyond the Shetlands and surrounding South Norway. As for the great rivers, the Rhine, gathering the waters of the Thames and the Elbe, as well as all eastward-flowing streams, carried them to where the plain ended in the North Atlantic; while the Seine, taking as tributaries the South British streams, as well as the French rivers flowing into the Channel, had its mouth in the ocean where now is the 100-fathoms line.

This state of the continents explains the animal migrations which commenced to take place and continued during the whole of the transition period between the Tertiary and Quaternary epochs.

It is easy to realise that any kind of animals could arrive in this country, even from distant Africa.

But long before this great elevation of the land, when in early Miocene times the hot torrential rains had excavated broad valleys and carved out the English Channel, rendering it impassable by the formation of large lakes that resulted therefrom, a natural causeway or isthmus was formed which already permitted a passage at the precise spot where the transit from the Continent to Great Britain has ever since been carried on.

The origin of that causeway was due to a local elevation of the ground which is known as the Weald, between the North and South Downs, and extended across what is now the Dover Channel to France, the Downs continuing on either side and enclosing a small portion of Northern France, roughly shaped as a half-circle starting from near Calais to the mouth of the Canche River at Etaples, with Boulogne as a centre.

It became the watershed between the North Sea and the Channel—that is, the Atlantic—and remained dry land, all watercourses running from it in both directions. Its slopes reached as far

as the North Foreland, and went eastwards to the Belgian coast. In the south they stopped a short way beyond the south barrier of the Downs, near the place where the head waters of the great Channel river were gathered.

The denudation by atmospheric agencies that set in on both shores ever since the Miocene has widened the interval between them; the action of the sea when it again covered the land in Pleistocene times and since the beginning of the present geographical conditions has levelled the Downs that ran across north and south, so that at present



WHEN THE BRITISH ISLES WERE ENTIRELY SURROUNDED BY LAND: WESTERN EUROPE AT THE TIME OF GREATEST ELEVATION—THE TRANSITION BETWEEN THE PLIOCENE AND PLEISTOCENE PERIODS.

Copied from a Map in Professor Sollas's book "Ancient Hunters." By Permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

hardly any trace remains of their existence on the bed of the Straits.

Such was the main route open to land animals when the British Isles, as well as the rest of Europe,

forests and on the drier plateaux until the advent of Glacial times in Northern Europe, increased by the steady rising of the land, compelled the species which could not adapt themselves to the new conditions to migrate southwards. The rest perished, as did all the tropical vegetation.

It was the time of the first Glacial period. The cold and dry conditions lasted till nearly the end of the Tertiary epoch. Then the climate gradually improved, and, when the upper or last Pliocene strata were deposited, it had again become moist and warm. It should be borne in mind that these changes were very slow, and covered many thousands of years. To the return of a mild temperature corresponded the return of the animals from the South; but the fauna was no longer the same. The last mastodons had died out in the early Pliocene. With the new fauna appear the first elephants (*Elephas meridionalis*). For the old species, others, until then unknown, are substituted. The hippopotamus (*H. major*) and the horse (*Equus robustus*) are to play an important part. So are the rhinoceros (*Leptochinus*), and many other species. At the same time the mammoth came from the North, with the woolly rhinoceros (*Lichorhinus*), and a number of other Arctic animals. Africa had her own elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros—still in existence at present. They also had forests to wander through, but the plants in Europe all belonged to temperate species.

Man himself appeared, or reappeared.

In the picture "Crossing the Channel" (see double-page) I have tried to give an idea of the aspect of the Dover Straits when the land still emerged from the sea, but was returning to genial conditions of climate. The present outline of the coast is in a measure observed. The rocky masses, though considerably denuded by atmospheric agencies, have not in the main altered their general appearance. The headlands certainly extended farther out, but they had long ago receded towards their present positions, when we consider that the process had begun in the early Miocene and continued right through the Pliocene, the duration of which periods amounting (according to Professor Sollas as quoted by Professor Sir Arthur Keith in his book, "The Antiquity of Man") to 900,000 years for the first and 500,000 years for the second—1,400,000 years in all—that is, more than three times the duration of the Pleistocene and modern periods to the present time.

Professor Edward Hull, in his learned contribution to the "Physical History of the British Isles," refers to the early Miocene as the commencement of a denudation that has not stopped to the present day. But this late denudation is as nothing to what it must have been in the Miocene and in the diluvial times of the Pleistocene, when volumes of water which we can hardly conceive, following the melting of glaciers, filled the valleys and formed the terraces in the gravels of which early man's implements are constantly discovered.

There seems to be little doubt that it is by this colossal washing of the land surfaces that the Channel bed was filled up, to the extent that if St. Paul's were placed in the middle, the whole dome would appear above the water.

If one looks at the Admiralty chart of the Dover Straits, from Dungeness to the

Thames, one is struck by the low figures of the soundings, which rarely reach or exceed thirty fathoms on the English side—the average being barely twenty—those on the French side showing a somewhat greater depth. [Continued opposite.



WHEN THE STRAITS OF DOVER WERE AN ISTHMUS: A MAP SHOWING THE EXTENSION OF THE WEALD INTO NORTHERN FRANCE IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.

From Professor Sir Arthur Keith's book "The Antiquity of Man." By Permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Williams and Norgate.

enjoyed a tropical climate during the Miocene and part of the Pliocene. Over it the early proboscideans, such as the mastodon and the dinotherium, with many other extinct species, found their way into this country. There they lived in the damp

WHEN THE CHANNEL WAS DRY LAND AND THAMES JOINED RHINE.

PLAN AND RELIEF MAP DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

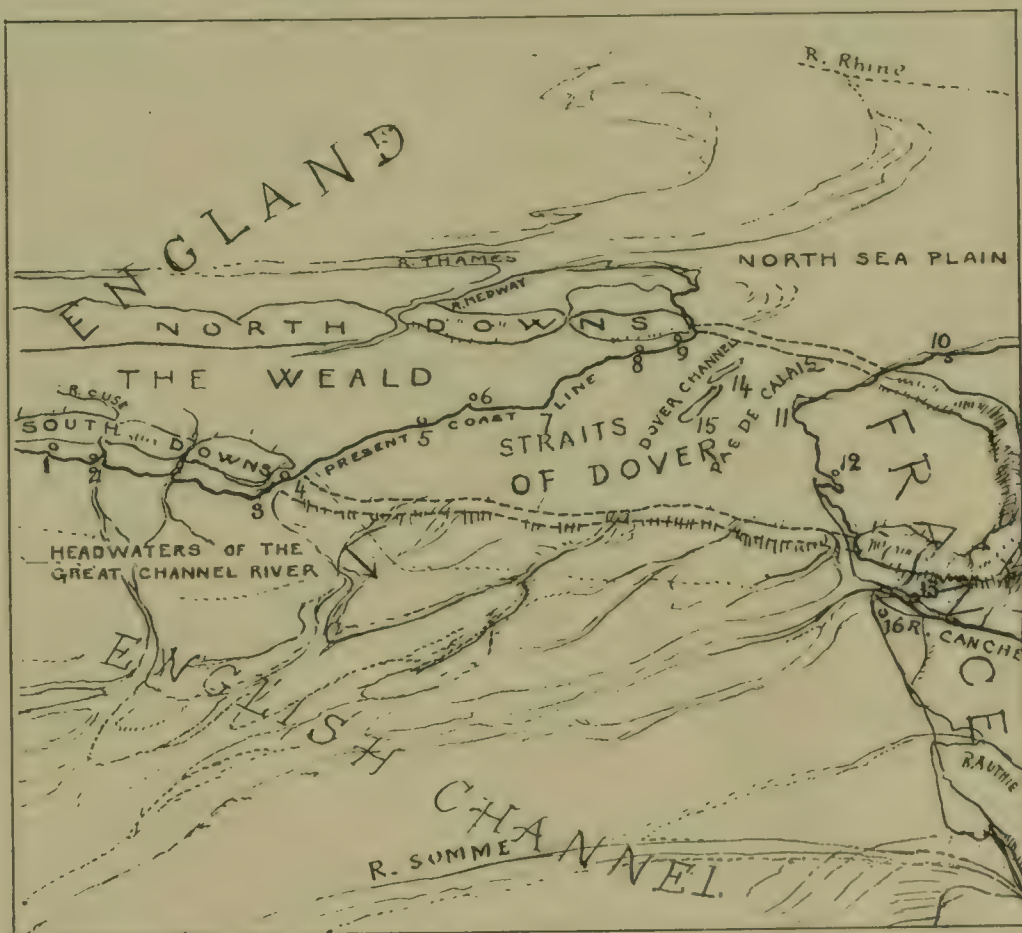
Key to numbers indicating present positions of places on the left side of the adjoining plan—

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Brighton. | 5. Hastings. |
| 2. Newhaven. | 6. Rye. |
| 3. Beachy. | 7. Dungeness. |
| 4. Eastbourne. | 8. Folkestone. |

Continued.]

The cause for that discrepancy seems to be due to the presence of two dangerous reefs rising in the axis of the channel midway between the English and French coasts. They stand like two walls, narrow at the base, and rising a sheer 100 feet at places within two fathoms only under the surface. This barrier, which stands in the way of the steamers which ply from Folkestone to Boulogne, extends for over ten miles, and, needless to say, is guarded by a lightship as well as by buoys well known to all mariners. The Dover-Calais route passes north of these reefs, following, in fact, the track of downs now long since worn out and dissolved by the currents. It is possible to account for the preservation of the two

[Continued opposite.]



THE CHANNEL AND THE NORTH SEA PLAIN AT THE TIME OF LAND ELEVATION IN THE LATE PLIOCENE PERIOD: A KEY PLAN TO THE RELIEF MAP BELOW.

Key to numbers indicating present positions of places on the right-hand side of the adjoining plan—

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 9. Dover. | 14. The Varne |
| 10. Calais. | (reef). |
| 11. Cape Gris Nez. | 15. The Colbart (reef). |
| 12. Boulogne. | 16. Le Touquet. |
| 13. Etaples. | |

Continued.]

reefs by the fact that they offer no resistance to the currents that run northwards on the English side, southwards on the other. The sea bed is nearly flat, and if the depth is less on the English side of the reefs than on the French side, one may safely ascribe the difference to the greater area of the denudated Weald in this country than the much smaller French Weald. Enclosed as it is between high hills, the Sussex Weald has no outlet but on the sea side. Its arched surface procures the escape of a few small rivers, which in the course of time have hollowed themselves a passage through the downs. Such are the Stour, the Medway, the Darent, the Ouse, but none of these

Continued below.



SHOWING THE WEALD, WITH THE NORTH AND SOUTH DOWNS, EXTENDING INTO FRANCE; THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE GREAT CHANNEL RIVER (LEFT FOREGROUND); AND THE THAMES FLOWING INTO THE RHINE (BACKGROUND): A RELIEF MAP OF DOVER STRAITS IN THE LATE PLIOCENE PERIOD.

Continued.]

valleys would have helped to any great extent to carry away the huge quantity of debris, Eocene and Oligocene gravels and the thick cretaceous deposits which were lifted bodily by underlying Jurassic beds. Moreover, the sloping axis of the Weald runs through Dungeness, over which and the adjoining flats the Weald emptied itself of its waters in the channel whence they ran north and south of the watershed, leaving a great portion of their gravels and sands as well as disintegrated chalk on the bottom. The French side of the Strait of Dover is called the Pas de Calais, the north side is known as the Dover Channel. The reefs

above described separate them. The smaller of the two is called the Varne, the other is simply called the Ridge, but it is also known by its French name, Le Colbart. It is on the top of the Varne that the incident depicted in our double-page reconstruction is supposed to take place in the late Pliocene or earliest Pleistocene times, when the first travellers, men of the Piltdown type, wandered across the empty sea bed following the time-honoured course, hunting as they went, sometimes having to defend themselves against ferocious wild beasts. They lacked neither courage nor discipline."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"CROSSING THE CHANNEL" ON LAND IN PREHISTORIC TIMES: HUNTERS ON WHAT IS NOW THE VARNE REEF.

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER

SPECIAL ARTIST OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"MEN OF THE PILTDOWN TYPE WANDERED ACROSS THE EMPTY SEA-BED, HUNTING

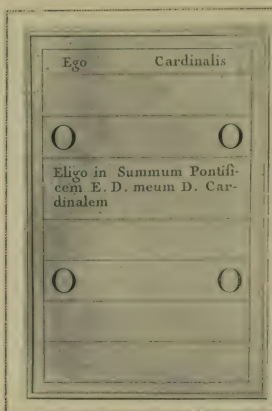
There was a time, hundreds of thousands of years ago, when the British Isles were part of the European Continent. Describing it and his drawings in an article on another page, Mr. Forestier writes: "This state of the continents explains the animal migrations. . . . It is easy to realize that any kind of animals could arrive in this country even from distant Africa. But long before this elevation of the land, a national causeway or isthmus was formed which permitted a passage (of the Channel) at the precise spot where the transit from the Continent to Great Britain has ever since been carried on. . . . Such was the main route open to land animals when the British Isles as well as the rest of Europe enjoyed a tropical climate in the Miocene and part of the Pliocene periods." Then came the Glacial period, which drove them South or destroyed them. After many thousands of years the climate grew warm again. "To the return of a mild temperature," continues Mr. Forestier, "corresponded the return of the animals from the South. With the new fauna appear the first

THEY WENT": CROSSING FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND IN LATE PLIOCENE TIMES.

elephants, the hippopotamus, the horse, and the rhinoceros. At the same time the mammoth came from the North, with the woolly rhinoceros and other Arctic animals. Man himself appeared, or reappeared. In the picture, 'Crossing the Channel,' I have endeavoured to give an idea of what was the aspect of the Dover Straits when the land still emerged from the sea, but was returning to genial conditions of climate. . . . It is on the top of the Varne (now a submerged reef in the Channel) that the incident depicted is supposed to take place, in the late Pliocene or earliest Pleistocene times, when the first travellers, men of the Piltdown type, wandered across the empty sea-bed, following the time-honoured course, hunting as they went, sometimes having to defend themselves against ferocious attacks from wild beasts." The background of the drawing is not sea, but land, stretching towards Dover and (on the right) to the great plain that is now the North Sea.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

PROCEDURE BY WHICH CARDINAL RATTI ATTAINED THE

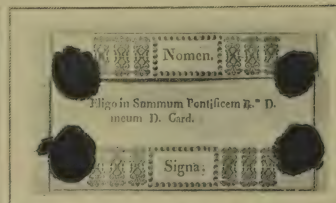
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S.F.I.S.E. (MILAN), COMM. G.



THE INSIDE OF A BALLOT-PAPER FOR THE ELECTION OF A POPE.

THE present method of electing a successor to the Papacy by the Cardinals in Conclave (we quote the "Times"), "dates from the latter part of the thirteenth century. It had its origin in a desire to avoid undue delay in carrying out an election, such as had taken place in making the choice of Gregory X. (in 1271). . . . To ensure the secrecy of the proceedings in Conclave is an end equally sought by the law of the Church relating to Papal elections. A portion of the Vatican Palace is walled off for the purpose of the Conclave, and to this access is given by one door, which is locked from without by Prince Chigi-Albani, the Hereditary

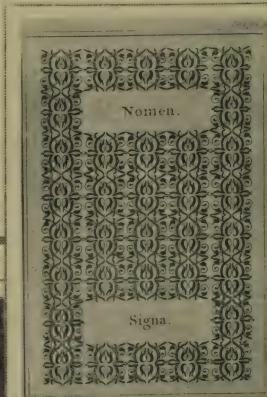
(Continued opposite)



FOLDED AND SEALED AFTER BEING FILLED IN: A BALLOT-PAPER AS IT IS PLACED IN THE CHALICE.



STRICTLY GUARDED DURING THE ELECTION: THE WOODEN PARTITION SPECIALLY BUILT AT THE VATICAN TO SHUT OFF THE CONCLAVE OF CARDINALS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD.



BEFORE BEING FOLDED: THE OUTSIDE OF A BALLOT-PAPER.

Continued.
Marshal of the Holy Roman Church, and from within by the Cardinal Camerlengo. Each Cardinal is entitled to have a secretary—usually an ecclesiastic—and a servant to accompany him into the Conclave. All these "Conclavists" are sworn to secrecy. . . . Once the door is closed at the beginning of the Conclave it is not opened until the result of the election can be announced, save to admit a Cardinal who is late in arriving or to permit a Cardinal to leave in case of illness. Openings for the passage of food and other necessities are strictly guarded. Communication with any person outside the Conclave is forbidden."



SHOWING THE DOORS OF THE LATE POPE'S PRIVATE ROOMS, AND FURNITURE FOR CARDINALS LODGED THERE: THE "LOGGIA" OF RAPHAEL, IN THE VATICAN.



WHERE ONE OF THE CARDINALS WHO TOOK PART IN THE ELECTION OF A NEW POPE WAS LODGED: A "CELL" IN THE VATICAN.

CHAIR OF ST. PETER: THE ELECTION OF THE NEW POPE.

FELICI (ROME), AND THEODORE VAUCHER.



WHERE THE VOTING TOOK PLACE: THE INTERIOR OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ARRANGED FOR THE ELECTION OF A NEW POPE—SHOWING THE VOTING TABLE IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH THE CHALICE IN WHICH EACH CARDINAL PLACED HIS BALLOT-PAPER.



HOW FOOD FOR THE ENCLOSED CARDINALS WAS PASSED INTO THE VATICAN: THE REVOLVING "DUMB WAITER" (X) AT THE ENTRANCE WHICH WAS CLOSED.



THE SOURCE OF SMOKE TO SIGNAL THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION TO PEOPLE OUTSIDE: A STOVE IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL FOR BURNING BALLOT-PAPERS.

The Conclave of Cardinals in the Vatican at Rome for the election of a new Pope to succeed the late Benedict XV., began its deliberations on February 3. A large crowd gathered in the Piazza San Pietro outside to await the result of the first vote, and gazed towards the tin chimney from which issues the smoke of the burnt ballot-papers. White smoke means that the voting has been inconclusive. In order to secure election, a candidate must receive a two-thirds majority of votes. When the smoke appeared, its colour was uncertain, and after a time a black figure appeared on the Vatican roof and explained by signs that no Pope had been yet elected. A second vote was taken in the afternoon, and the smoke proved

to be black, indicating another indecisive result. Balloting takes place twice daily in the Sistine Chapel, each Cardinal placing his ballot-paper, sealed up, in the chalice on the voting table. On February 5 it was stated that no election had so far been made, and it was suggested that the Conclave might be waiting for three Cardinals from the United States and Canada, as the American Continent had up to that time not been represented in the Conclave. During the election, the Conclave is shut off from the outside world and strictly secluded. Formerly a wall was built to enclose the part of the Vatican containing the Conclave, but on this occasion a wooden partition was constructed. On February 6 was announced the election of Cardinal Ratti, whose portrait appears on our front page.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THE novel about the Press threatens to become the King Charles's head of fiction. It cannot be kept out of the memorial, although journalists, in their saner moments, are pretty well agreed that their profession is interesting only to themselves. To the great Public it is a matter of indifference, a world that uses an unknown tongue when it talks about its own intimate concerns. Sir Philip Gibbs, it is true, contrived to make the Street of Adventure popular, but that was due to the strong humanity of his touch upon the technical keyboard. Mr.

better, but it takes the largest and most humane vision to send your Fleet Street story home to the mark, and that large vision will always hold the professional element to the task of a humble auxiliary.

Latter-day developments in a journalism that would stagger Captain Shandon have given the experimenter in this kind of story an opportunity to lift the theme above the highly specialised interests of a craft. The emergence of the newspaper as an engine of social and political control, with the rise of great newspaper organisers to something approaching world-power, has set the stage anew and given the novelist a chance of touching the universal. World-power resident in the individual newspaper proprietor is still, happily, a popular legend rather than a fact; but the legend is sufficiently suggestive, and it has given that practised writer Mr. J. C. Snaith his cue for "THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), a novel of the effects rather than the technical minutiae of the newest journalism. Saul Hartz, Mr. Snaith's newspaper tyrant, only begotter and head of the Universal Press, is probably a Futuristic character. No such colossal enemy of mankind has yet grasped this sorry scheme of things entire; nor are public affairs, disquieting as they may be, come to such a pass that a council of seven enthusiasts, black and white, the cream of the world's intellect, need band themselves together by awful oaths to remove by supra-subtle poison the monster who threatens the world's peace; but that does not make Mr. Snaith's skilful imbroglio any less profitable, ingenious, and engaging. Readers with no inside knowledge of the Press-world will enjoy the novel as a tale of social and political mystery. The election episode brings Eatanswill down to date, and perhaps a little further. Once begun, the book holds you to the end, and keeps you in a diffused ripple of enjoyment. Personally I regret that the conspirators didn't find their own way out of the tangle and that Fate played god in the machine, but Mr. Snaith at least prepared us for that by two premonitory hints, the obviousness of which persuaded me that he couldn't seriously

intend to end his book as he has done. And so it was a sort of surprise ending, after all.

Excited by the efforts of the Seven for the world's peace, and the compelling intrigues of malign but amiable Saul Hartz to embroil Great Britain with China and America, you may seek composure appropriately enough in a book about facts by a master of fiction, who has something to say about our future relations not only with the United States and China, but with the whole world. It is rather curious that certain articles in this very book should have given the author cause to vindicate his freedom of speech as authorised correspondent of a great newspaper organisation. In that respect, Mr. H. G. Wells's latest volume, "WASHINGTON AND THE HOPE OF PEACE" (Collins; 6s. net) is all the more piquant a foil to Mr. Snaith's romance of his fabled Universal Press and its strangle-hold on humanity.

Like all Mr. Wells's sociological writings, these letters from Washington are "tinctured with a veined humanity," but one never ceases to ask whether, in the rôle of prophetic essayist, Mr. Wells is not sacrificing to strange gods a genius rightfully due to the Muse of Fiction in her character of Scientific Romance.

In Mr. Wells's very early days I heard a Professor of Modern History, a most shrewd critic of current literature, declare wholeheartedly at a college breakfast that Wells was "the real thing." At the same time he predicted that a contemporary novelist then in high esteem "would not wash." In the second case the prediction seems to be fulfilled, and I often wonder what York Powell would have said had he lived to see some of Mr. Wells's later developments in the novel and the tract.

Is the novel in microcosm possible in English? In French, with its exquisite power of the condensed phrase, yes. But in English can the tale of few words suggest a group of characters, each fully rounded and complete, so that the work is a book and not a glorified short story? One used to think that a certain length was required to enable the reader to grow into the characters and get to know them by prolonged familiar contact. In her new novel Miss May Sinclair has shown that length is not essential. "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN" (Collins; 6s.) is a complete biography, contained within 184 pages, with the heroine and many subsidiary people all fully visible and impressively alive. It is a merciless portrait of a single woman, single by her own act of sentimental loyalty to her friend and, as she believes, to herself. It is a marvellous performance, salutary in its suggestion of the mutability of human things, but embittered by its ruthless enforcement of the Everlasting No. Here is a thesis, well sustained, of a whole life, but happily not representing the whole truth about life, and therefore a little less than a perfect work of art.

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

THE GREY ROOM. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Phillpotts has made a striking departure from his usual West Country stories. He goes in for thrills and horrors, and the "Grey Room" and its amazing secret are described as only a master of fiction could describe them.

THE PHARISEES. By M. Morgan Gibbon. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)

A well-told dramatic story, in which the characters stand out in clear relief.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR. By Violet A. Wilson. (Bodley Head. 15s. net.)

The lives of the ladies who attended on Queen Elizabeth, describing in a vivid and interesting manner the Court life of the time.

THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN. By Rider Haggard. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)

The scene is laid at Cuzco, in Peru, at the time when Richard II. reigned in England, and the book is full of the thrills which readers of Rider Haggard have long associated with their favourite author.

PAINTED WINDOWS: STUDIES IN RELIGIOUS PERSONALITY. By "A Gentleman with a Duster." (Mills and Boon. 5s. net.)

The purpose of the book is to examine the mind of modern Christianity.

CHILDREN OF TRANSGRESSION. By G. Vere Tyler. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Virginian story showing how Rosa Lindsay and her illegitimate son George suffer from the contempt of their neighbours. George grows up with vengeance in his heart. What form it takes is interestingly described. This is a first novel.

A KING IN THE LISTS. By May Wynne. (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)

The scene is laid in fifteenth-century France. Charles the Bold and Louis XI. appear in the book, and the story is most ingeniously told.



AUTHOR OF "MOUNTAIN BLOOD": MR. JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN NOVELIST.

"Mountain Blood," a story of the Virginian hills, was Mr. Hergesheimer's second novel, but it has only just been published in England for the first time, by Messrs. Heinemann. [Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

Oliver Onions, in "The Odd-Job Man" and "Little Devil Doubt," was also very human; but much of his Fleet Street humour, satire, and pathos was "exclusive to" his fellow-craftsmen who knew where the shoe pinched. Talk about the inner mysteries of the trade must remain, for the most part, caviare to the general.

The same can be said in even greater degree of E. S. Stevens's "The Lure," of the glimpses of society journalism in Mr. Bohun Lynch's most palatable "Cake," and that penny underworld, the factories of cheap sensational fiction, described long ago by Mrs. Dudeney in "Folly Corner," and again quite recently in Mr. Selwyn Jepson's first novel. In these the kernel of joke and satire will be missed by all but the initiated, and if the story had nothing else to offer it could not command a very wide audience. David Copperfield's professional life is kept so well in the background that thousands of his readers, I dare say, hardly give it a thought. It may even be possible to find people, who could not tell you offhand what David did for a living. That doubt is absent from the history of Pendennis and George Warrington, but there are few details of office routine in Thackeray's descriptions. Pen's profession is always subordinate to the picture of society at large; it never gets a chance to bore or puzzle the lay reader.

But the disadvantages of the Press-world as a subject for popular fiction do not deter the modern novelist. The young hero with a turn for writing who comes up from the University to struggle in Fleet Street, and make a hit with an impossibly successful first novel, offers irresistible temptation to aspiring scribblers. These will not be warned off even by that passage in Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Crome Yellow" where, in half-a-dozen pungent lines, he exposes the threadbare description. The tyro in letters will always imagine that his own way of life, so important to himself, is a proper bait to allure the crowd. He presents the crowd, therefore, with a part of life, and wonders why it views his careful technical miniatures with a cold eye. His picture, in all likelihood, is one-sided, even distorted, in places. Even the old hands are not proof against this temptation. They come off



AUTHOR OF A REMARKABLE FIRST NOVEL, "WAY OF REVELATION": MR. WILFRED EWART.

Mr. Wilfred Ewart has jumped into fame with his first novel, "Way of Revelation" (Putnam), which Sir Philip Gibbs considers the truest and most vivid picture of life between 1914 and 1919 yet written in English.

Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

THE TOMB OF POPE BENEDICT XV.: IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COMM. G. FELICI AND THÉODORE VAUCHER



WHERE THE BODY OF THE LATE POPE WAS LAID TO REST: THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME, INTO WHICH THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FLOOR NEAR THE HIGH ALTAR.



SHOWING THE UNFINISHED BRICKWORK (AFTERWARDS FILLED IN AND SEALED) READY TO RECEIVE THE COFFIN OF THE LATE POPE BENEDICT XV.: THE ACTUAL PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S.

The funeral of Pope Benedict XV. took place in St. Peter's at Rome on January 26. According to his own wish, the ceremony was as private as possible, and only the Diplomatic Corps and some members of the "Black" aristocracy were present. Before the coffin was sealed up, there were placed in it specimens of the medals struck by the late Pope and a parchment roll containing a summary of his work, recording his efforts for peace during the war and his great generosity, private and public, towards its victims among various afflicted nations, especially children

in famine-stricken countries. The sealed coffin was then carried by the Noble Guard to a spot near the High Altar, where it was lowered through a hole made in the floor into the crypt. Cardinal Merry del Val, as the Arch-Priest of the Basilica, went down into the crypt to give the last Absolution. The coffin was placed in an arch, next to the tombs of Pope Pius VI. and Queen Christina of Sweden. The gap was then built in by a mason, and the remains of Pope Benedict XV. were thus finally sealed from the world among the gloomy arches.

THE GAMBLER'S GRAVITY: STUDIES IN FACIAL EXPRESSION AT THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL GAMING TABLES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE RIVIERA, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



SAD AND SERIOUS AS IF "SITTING ROUND A POST-MORTEM TABLE": RIVIERA GAMBLERS—A TYPICAL GROUP AT ROULETTE IN THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO.

The Casino at Monte Carlo might be called the Mecca of the gambler, or, if a classical allusion be preferred, the chief Temple of Fortune in the world. Though a lucky person may occasionally "break the bank," the tables win in the long run, and out of the proceeds of the Casino the little Principality of Monaco, of which Monte Carlo forms part, practically lives. The money is well used, for maintaining public services, building churches, schools, museums, and hospitals, and generally keeping the town a model of cleanliness and order. In the latest and most attractive book about the *Côte d'Azur*, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," Sir Frederick Treves writes of Monte Carlo: "It is unnecessary to describe the *salles de jeu*. They have been pictured—with exact or inexact details—

a hundred times, and have figured more often in works of fiction than have any other actual apartments in the world. The miscellaneous people who cluster round the tables are said to provide an interesting study in faces. The study is limited. All are supposed to be 'playing'—playing, it may be assumed, as children play at a game—but their countenances are so sad and so serious that a stranger to the 'games' of modern life might think that they were sitting round a post-mortem table with a deceased person laid out on the cloth. An observer endowed with special gifts might detect evidences of greed, of anxiety, of despair, of forlorn hope, but to an ordinary looker-on there is . . . a general expression of uneasy boredom."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CAUSE OF OUR WINTRY SPELL? ARCTIC CONDITIONS ON THE ELBE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANKL BERLIN.



WHERE ICE-BREAKERS HAVE HAD TO BE USED TO ENABLE SHIPS TO PROCEED: STEAMERS HELD UP BY ICE IN THE ESTUARY OF THE ELBE DURING THE RECENT EXCESSIVE COLD IN GERMANY.



A SCENE SUGGESTIVE OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION: AN ENORMOUS STRETCH OF PACK ICE AT THE MOUTH OF THE ELBE, AS SEEN FROM THE DECK OF AN ICE-BREAKER DURING THE RECENT SPELL OF HEAVY FROST.

It is not surprising that the east wind brought us a few days ago a spell of intense cold, when we look at these photographs taken recently at the mouth of the Elbe. The estuary of the river became a field of pack ice, in huge blocks, presenting the appearance of the Arctic regions. Ships were unable to move, and ice-breakers had to be employed to make a passage for them. The above photographs, which were taken from the deck of an ice-breaker near Cuxhaven,

give a vivid idea of the remarkable conditions that have been experienced there. The port of Hamburg was completely frozen up. Among other ships which were blocked in the ice was the American passenger-boat "Mongolia," which at the time the photographs were despatched had remained in the same position for nearly a week. Some of the crews of ice-bound ships endeavoured to liberate them by means of fire.

FAMOUS HUNTING PACKS: No. II.—THE QUORN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



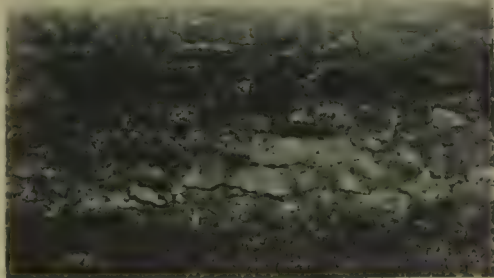
WITH CIGARS, A BIG PIPE, AND AN UMBRELLA: THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE SMOKING HUNT AT BRAUNSTONE, LEICESTERSHIRE.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS OLD-TIME HUNTSMEN OF THE QUORN: DICK BURTON—A PAINTING DONE BY WILLIAM NEEDHAM, OF LEICESTER, IN 1826.



WHEN "MUTTON-CHOP" WHISKERS WERE IN FASHION: THE EARL OF STAMFORD, MASTER OF THE QUORN, 1856-63.



A WALL JUMPED BY LORD LONSDALE, WHO WAS MASTER OF THE QUORN FROM 1893 TO 1898.

THE picture shown in the left-hand illustration below is inscribed: "Sporting Exploits of a Noble Marquis. The Noble Marquis on his celebrated Hunter, Don Juan, jumping a five-barred gate in a dining-room at Lowesby Hall for a wager of 100 Guineas, at half-past ten o'clock at Night in December, with a Blazing Fire staring him in the Face." The picture was published in London on June 12, 1838. The "noble Marquis" was Henry de la Poer, third Marquess of Waterford, who held the title from 1826 to 1859.



SECRETARY OF THE QUORN HUNT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: MR. THOMAS CRADOCK.



JUMPING A FIVE-BARRED GATE IN THE DINING-ROOM OF LOWESBY HALL WITH A FIRE IN FRONT: THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD'S HISTORIC FEAT IN 1838.



THE GATE THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD JUMPED OVER (ON HORSEBACK) IN LOWESBY DINING-ROOM: AN INTERESTING RELIC OF A QUORN EXPLOIT.

"The history of the Quorn Hunt," writes Mr. Arthur W. Coaten in his monumental book, "British Hunting," "is practically the history of fox-hunting in Leicestershire. . . . The first records are those of Mr. Thomas Boothby's pack. The most interesting relic of that sportsman is his own hunting-horn, which is thus inscribed: "Thomas Boothby, Esquire, of Tooley Park, Leicestershire. With this horn he hunted the first pack of foxhounds then in England fifty-five years. Born 1677; died 1752. . . . But the distinction of having really established the Quorn Hunt upon something like its present basis must be ascribed to Mr. Hugo

Meynell, the 'Father of Fox-hunting,' as he has often been called. . . . 1753 was, in all probability, the opening year of his Mastership." The Earl of Stamford and Warrington, we learn from the same authority, left the Albrighton country for the Quorn in 1856, and "hunted the pack efficiently and in a liberal manner for seven years." In 1893 "came Lord Lonsdale's brilliant term of office, lasting for five seasons." He had been Master of the North Pytchley from 1881 to 1885, and of the Blankney in 1885. Later he was Master of the Cottesmore. A high stone wall that he jumped is illustrated in our centre photograph.

OUT WITH THE QUORN: THE FAMOUS LEICESTERSHIRE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPOT

HUNT AS IT IS TO-DAY—MEETS, KENNELS, AND COUNTRY.

AND GENERAL



JOINT MASTER OF THE QUORN (WITH MR. W. E. PAGET): MAJOR A. E. BURNABY



MOVING OFF AFTER A MEET AT GREAT DALBY: A TYPICAL LEICESTERSHIRE VILLAGE



WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE QUORN: MAJOR AND LADY EILEEN CLARKE, AT A MEET



THE VILLAGE WHICH GIVES ITS NAME TO THE CELEBRATED LEICESTERSHIRE HUNT: QUORN.



"ITS MAGNIFICENT SCENT-CARRYING PASTURES, ITS FINE FOX-HOLDING COVERTS, ITS BIG ENCLOSURES, MUST ALWAYS MAKE LEICESTERSHIRE EXTRAORDINARILY ATTRACTIVE": THE QUORN AT A FAMOUS COVERT, GARTREE HILL.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE QUORN PACK: THE KENNELS AT PAWDY, BARROW-ON-SOAR, NEAR LOUGHBOROUGH.



TYPICAL QUORN COUNTRY IN LEICESTERSHIRE, THE FAVOURITE COUNTRY OF MANY FOXHUNTERS: GARTREE HILL—THE FIELD WAITING TO DRAW A WOODEN COVERT.



ENCLOSURES, MUST ALWAYS MAKE LEICESTERSHIRE EXTRAORDINARILY ATTRACTIVE": HILL, AFTER A MEET AT KIRBY GATE.



THE QUORN KENNELS AT PAWDY, BARROW-ON-SOAR, NEAR LOUGHBOROUGH: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BUILDING.



OF MANY FOXHUNTERS: GARTREE HILL—THE FIELD WAITING TO DRAW A WOODEN COVERT.



THE PRESENT HUNTSMAN OF THE QUORN: W. WILSON.



A FAMOUS PACK: THE QUORN FOXHOUNDS, WITH THE HUNTSMAN, W. WILSON, AT THE KENNELS.



AT A MEET OF THE QUORN AT GREAT DALBY: MESSRS. H. GRAVES, J. GILPIN, AND H. BAIRD.

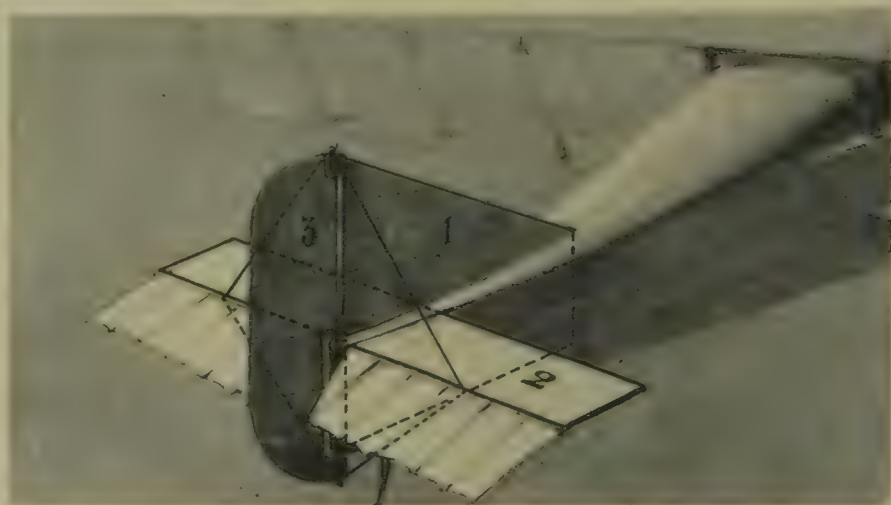


MUZZLED FOR THE OCCASION: A LAME HOUND BEING "DOCTORED" BY THE HUNTSMAN.

The Quorn Hunt is famous throughout the sporting world, not only as being one of the oldest in England, but also from the character of the country in which it operates. To borrow once more from Mr. Arthur W. Coates's "British Hunting" (already quoted on the previous page regarding the old associations of the Quorn), he says: "Its magnificent scent-carrying pastures, its fine fox-holding coverts, its big enclosures, must always make Leicestershire extraordinarily

attractive, and it still holds a place of supremacy among the hunting counties . . . Valentine Maher declared that it was better fun to ride to and from covert in Leicestershire than to hunt in any other part of the kingdom." The fine kennels of the Quorn at Pawdy, near Barrow-on-Soar, were built about seventeen years ago. The present Joint Masters of the Hunt are Major A. E. Burnaby and Mr. W. E. Paget.

AN "ARIADNE THREAD" FOR AIR PILOTS IN A MAZE OF FOG.

[illegible]

FRANCE FIGHTING THE FOG FIEND FOR AIR PILOTS: GUIDED BY THE "SONG" OF WIRES—
(INSET) AN AEROPLANE RECEIVER (1) VERTICAL LONGITUDINAL; (2) HORIZONTAL; (3) VERTICAL TRANSVERSAL.

2

As a matter of fact, a new problem was set. A former electric power line surrounding part of the aviation ground of Villacoublay was put at M. Loth's disposal for his experiments. He began by making a complete study of the magnetic field traversed by an alternating current of 600 vibrations a second. This was a lengthy undertaking, which demanded endless calculations. When the form of the magnetic field was discovered, the equipment for receiving the guiding thread (comprising three frames: two vertical ones for the direction; one longitudinal, and one transversal, and a horizontal frame for the investigation of the guiding thread at high altitudes), was placed on a Nieuport-Delage transport 'plane, and on a Farman bi-motor. These frames are formed of insulated copper screws; a telephone attached to them conveys to the ear the "song" of the guiding cable, the variations of which allow the pilot to direct the 'plane by the sound. The frames in the fuselage cannot be seen from the outside. It was soon apparent that the noise due to the magnetos considerably impaired the sound. This was a new problem. It was solved by means of a little receiving frame, specially constructed, and so placed that the noise from the magnetos was nearly suppressed. . . . The navigation of the 'plane or dirigible is similar to that of ships guided by the same means. When the apparatus, moving in the air, makes parallel route to the guiding cable, the longitudinal frame gets the maximum of sound. The more the apparatus inclines to the guiding cable, the less this frame receives, and it ceases to receive when the apparatus becomes perpendicular to the power line, and receives less and less the more the apparatus tends to a perpendicular position to the guiding cable. Here are the results obtained: In height, the contact with the horizontal frame takes place at about 3000 metres, and the contact

Continued 5.

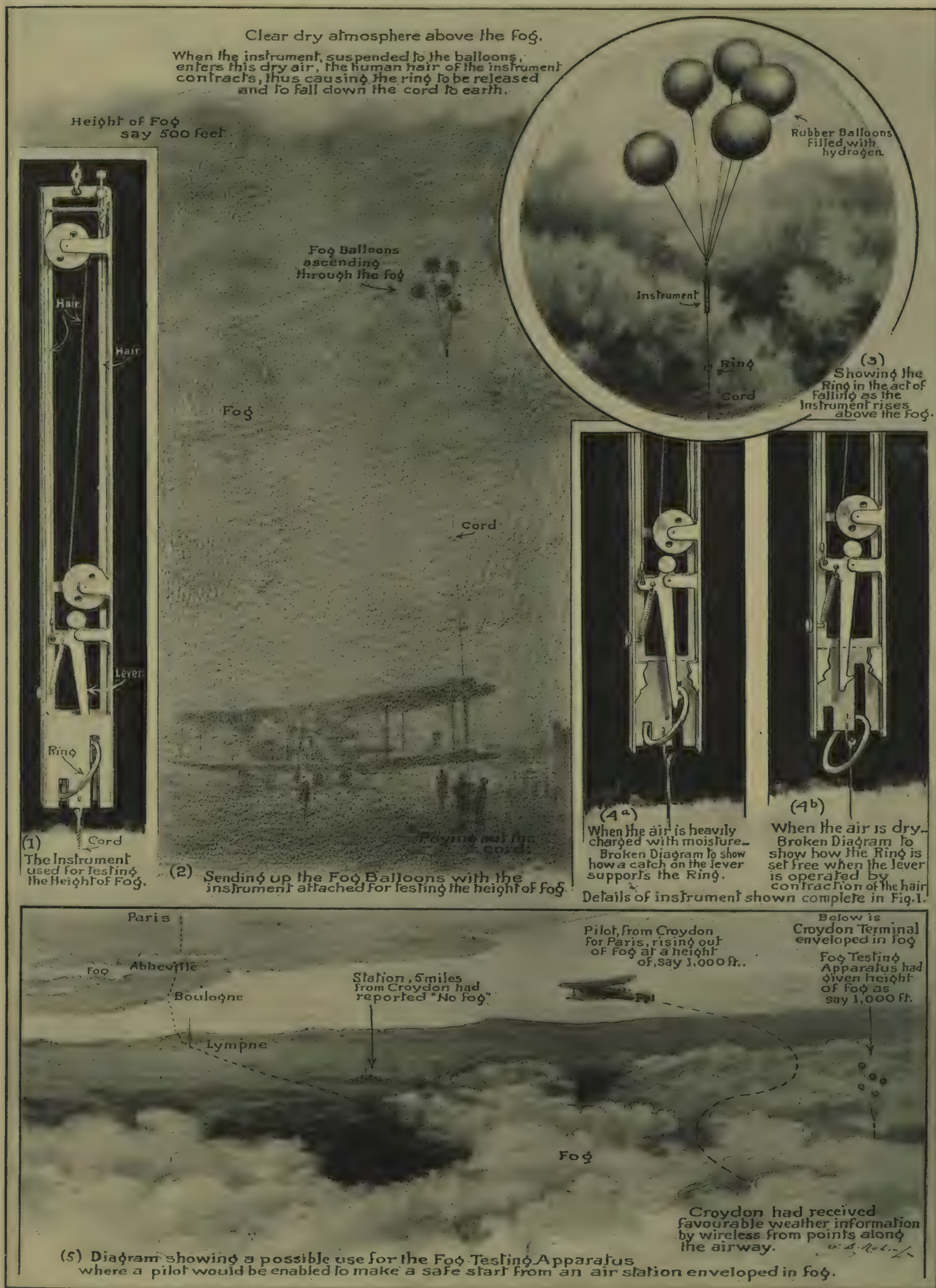
Continued.

with the vertical frames at about 2500 metres; at 2000 metres the aeroplane can begin to be guided as one hears on the guiding apparatus; at 1500 metres the reception is perfectly clear; at 1000 metres it is strong, and at 600 it can be heard even without the appliance. In width (the 'plane being at an altitude of 2000 metres) the contact takes place at 2000 metres on each side of the electric line, on a band of 4000 metres, the size of this band getting larger and larger in going down; it reaches 15,000 metres on getting to the ground. These results are the minimum obtained in most disadvantageous conditions on a line of only 2990 metres in length, sinuous, having eight angles, and the longest part of which was only 565 metres. In practice the 'plane following the line in a determined direction will fly at an altitude of from 50 to 1000 metres. . . . The line

of the guiding cable, set up in the same way as telegraph lines, can be put up quickly and cheaply. Mixed lines comprising flights over the sea and overland like the London to Paris postal aerial route, can be put up without any difficulty; it will be enough on that particular line which we give as an example, to immerse a cable of the sea type between Calais and Dover to avoid any interruption of continuity. The guiding cables spread their waves to a great height above the water, and these are very clearly received by 'planes flying over the sea.' The Loth system was demonstrated a few days ago at Villacoublay, and is to be installed from Le Bourget to Beauvais on the Paris-London route. Later it is hoped to continue it from Boulogne to Folkestone, and that the British authorities will adopt it between Folkestone and London.

HUMAN HAIR AND THE MEASUREMENT OF THE HEIGHT OF FOGS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



BRITAIN FIGHTING THE FOG FIEND FOR AIR PILOTS: AN INSTRUMENT ATTACHED TO TOY BALLOONS TESTED RECENTLY AT THE LONDON AIR STATION AT CROYDON.

An ingenious experiment for measuring the height of fogs, which could thus be communicated by wireless from points along the airways to the pilots of machines in the air, has recently been tried at the London Air Station at Croydon. During a fog observers on the ground send up at the end of a cord toy balloons with an instrument attached containing strands of hair, which contract on reaching clear dry atmosphere above the fog. The hair is so adjusted that this contraction

releases a little brass ring, which thereupon slips down the cord to earth. The observers, knowing how much cord they have paid out, can thus measure the height of the fog. The fact that human hair and catgut contract or tighten in dry air, and are looser in a moist or foggy atmosphere, is also the working principle of the toy "weather guide" huts from which one figure comes out in wet weather and the other in fine.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

BY the time this appears in print, the Galsworthy Cycle at the Court will, I hope, be in such full swing as will lead to gyration and more good turns to the home-made drama. Incidentally, as one who ardently desires prison reform, I would be overjoyed if the production of that great play, "Justice," which had but some twenty performances in Charles Frohman's laudable but short-lived repertory experiment at the Duke of York's in 1911, would lead to a revision of our solitary-confinement system, which, I have it from many sufferers, is a soul-destroyer. I hope thus to prevail upon my associate in this venture, M. Leon M. Lion, to give a special performance for the Magistrates, the Chiefs of Scotland Yard, the Prison Commissioners, and distinguished lawyers. For "Justice" is not merely a work of art, but a work of propaganda; and the better it is known, the greater will be the conviction that the time has come to abolish for ever all solitary confinement, and the terrible maximum of "two years' hard labour" which is partly responsible for the sad over-crowding of our lunatic asylums. I have met men who, after this ordeal, were but the shadows of their former virility, and whose minds had become so benumbed that they could hardly string together their words in coherence.

After "Justice," "The Pigeon," "The Silver Box," "The Fugitive," and "Foundations" will be revived, and, if the experiment succeeds, we may continue with Masefield, Bennett, Shaw, and plays of the Manchester school, such as "Hindle Wakes," in order to remind our public—lest it forget—that, if the British Drama of to-day is not all that it should be, the century so far has by no means been barren. The Galsworthy Cycle, then, is not only a theatrical venture, but an effort to fortify our anæmic stage by the infusion of the healthy life-blood of works which have gone before, and dwell in the memory of playgoers who have a taste for something better than the frivolous fare which since the war has been the bane of our Theatre.

It is with some pride that I may recall that the origin of the scheme is due to the very first article which I contributed to *The Illustrated London News*. At my début, in a review of the theatrical state of things in general I began with a quotation of Kipling's war-poem, "When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth." And one spring morning last year, when I mused upon "What can be done to lever the theatre?" the works of Galsworthy loomed up like a vision. "That's it! Eureka!" I exclaimed, and with the impulse of incorrigible youth I jumped into a taxi to Hampstead; and as, in the early morning hours of that Saturday, the little chariot sped away, the plan matured in my mind. It was a question of some money, Galsworthy's assent, and a mate to mould the vision into reality. Nor was the choice of a manager and producer difficult; I knew one brimful of enthusiasm, a worker, an actor of great versatility, a producer whom years ago I had boldly and successfully chosen to vitalise a French masterpiece, "Le Monde où l'on s'amuse," and who has since attained a place in the front rank—Leon M. Lion. And so I said to our great author, "If I find the man and means, will you lend me the pick of your basket?" His response was as ready as my impulse, and then and there we planned the campaign which Lion hailed as an inspiration.

So all was well except the base of our programme. Where to find a theatre the rental of which would not strangle the enterprise at birth?

Then the weary waiting game began, and sometimes it seemed that, with all our good intentions, the Galsworthy Cycle would merely revolve in the ether of *pia vota*. But what will be will be. All of a sudden Mr. Fagan offered his Court Theatre, font of many happy christenings of modern plays, and the problem was solved. It seemed of auspicious augury that our Cycle would lead off where



A GREAT SUCCESS: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY, WHO IS RUTH DANGAN IN "THE WHEEL."

As the heroine of Mr. J. B. Fagan's new play, "The Wheel," a love problem interwoven with Indian frontier fighting, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry has made a big success. She is a Colonel's wife torn between her duty to an excellent but monotonous husband and her love for another officer.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

Vedrenne and Barker began, where Fagan has splendidly upheld the Shakespearean tradition. Will our expectations, fortified by an excellent band of players, be realised? Will London

Of Mr. José Levy's latest Guignol quintet, I like best the young actor, Mr. Stanley Logan's sketch, "De Mortuis," and Mr. Nott-Bower's "Changing Guard." The one is a vivid satire of poor folks' revel after a funeral, with a dash of pathos, which is magnificently acted by all, and especially by Barbara Gott; and Mr. Nott-Bower's "Changing Guard" is a young and frivolous mother's vision at the bedside of her agonising and fortunately-spared child. This little play, which is touching and fantastic, would gain if the visions—a soldier and a doll—were more eerily interpreted by Miss Elizabeth Arkell and Mr. Russell Thorndike. They were both too obvious, and for once Miss Sybil Thorndike—whose girl who took the wrong turning in Mr. Logan's playlet was hard and true as life itself—was too *larmoyante* in the sorrow of the rueful mother.

Franchiseville's "Regiment," in a manifestation of rabies-paroxysm prefaced by an attack of tetanus, provided such horror as would cause Oxford's Vice-Chancellor (to say nothing of the Proctors) to excommunicate the Grand Guignol for ever and a day. This truly terrible sketch of German Army life, pre-war, has the merit of reproducing with rare accuracy of detail the discipline that prevailed in the halcyon days of Prussia. To those who remember German Army methods, the picture was as real as what they have seen with their own eyes. I would single out Mr. Nicholas Hannen's M.O., Mr. Stockwell Hawkins' civil doctor, and Mr. Russell Thorndike's fanatical Pole as types of perfect observation. Shorn of its horror, the play is as vivid as a page of Beyerlein's great and ominous "Jena or Sedan?"

A new actress has come to town. And her name is Phyllis Neilson-Terry. Oh, we knew her well before, and from no one, I do not regret to recall, has she had more paternal advice and admonishing criticism than from my humble self. But I knew and foresaw; the gift was there and the soul. But her talent wanted remoulding, freedom from such adulation as is the bane of dynasties—the hard toil that is the maker of men. And now she has come back, the same beautiful, statuesque girl of yesterday, rich in the charm of her family inheritance, yet quite different. She used to coruscate; now she vibrates; she used to astonish, now she captures us. She has great depth, power, self-immersion into her part. As the "Woman Who Did," yet returned to the marital bond in penance and in duty, in J. B. Fagan's engrossing play, "The Wheel," she rose to real fame in the space of a few hours. Now we shall not only expect great things of her; we know that she will achieve them. From Lady Macbeth to Pinero's "Iris," Shaw's "Major Barbara," Galsworthy's "Fugitive."

Around her were men of great worth and value. Mr. Robert Horton as the middle-aged husband, incarnation of a soldier and a gentleman, with infinite kindness of heart; Philip Merivale, yesterday ill-starred as Shakespeare, now triumphant in the reticence, the restraint, the controlled power of a virile soul battling against passion and fate; Frank Denton, vastly amusing as an Indian specialist, yet a neophyte

of our Indian Empire, about which he prated much and had to learn all; Mr. Randle Ayrton, imposing, solving, consoling as the great Lama at Buddha's shrine. It was indeed a perfect evening at the Apollo, and one of much portent.



WITH CLEOPATRA AND HER LADIES IN "LELY" COSTUMES: DRYDEN'S "ALL FOR LOVE," GIVEN IN THE RESTORATION MANNER AT MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

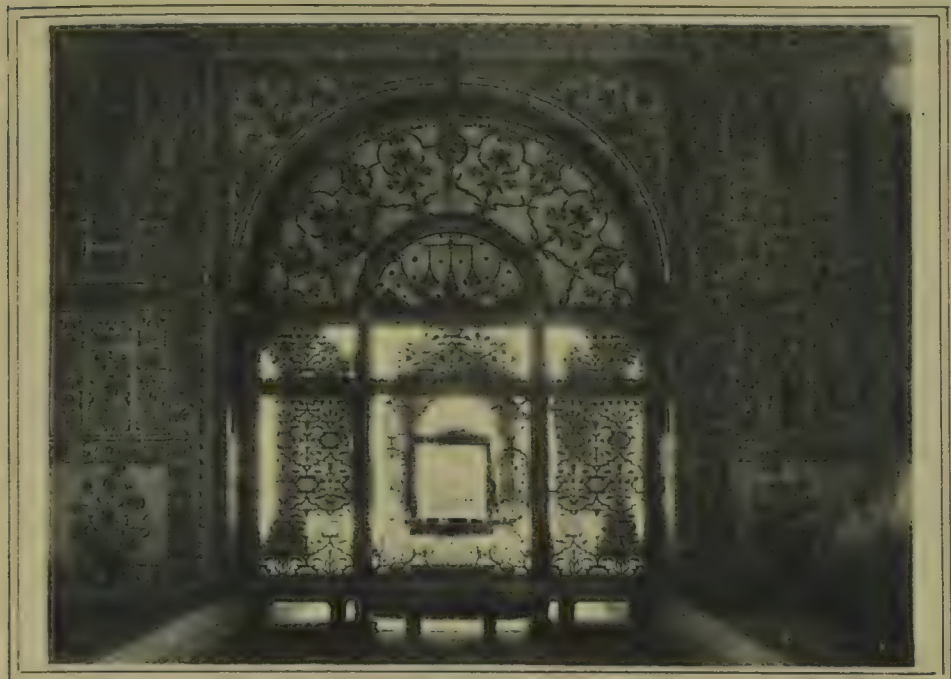
Dryden's "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost," a tragedy on the death of Antony and Cleopatra, was given in the hall of Merton College, Oxford, by members of the College, on February 1. The idea was to reproduce the spirit in which the people of Charles the Second's time regarded the story. There was nothing Egyptian in the production, the women being dressed like those of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, and the men in pseudo-classical armour. Replying to criticism of this Restoration manner, Mr. E. St. Leger Hill, the producer, writes: "How else could it be mounted? With the archaeological correctness of the Egyptologist? Certainly not." Our photograph shows the dancing scene. Seated in the centre are Antony (Mr. Deane Jones) and Cleopatra (Mrs. Owen Buckmaster), to the left of whom is Mrs. Julian Huxley as Iras. Next but one to the left (in feathered turban) is Lord Clonmore as Alexas.

Photograph by Alfieri.

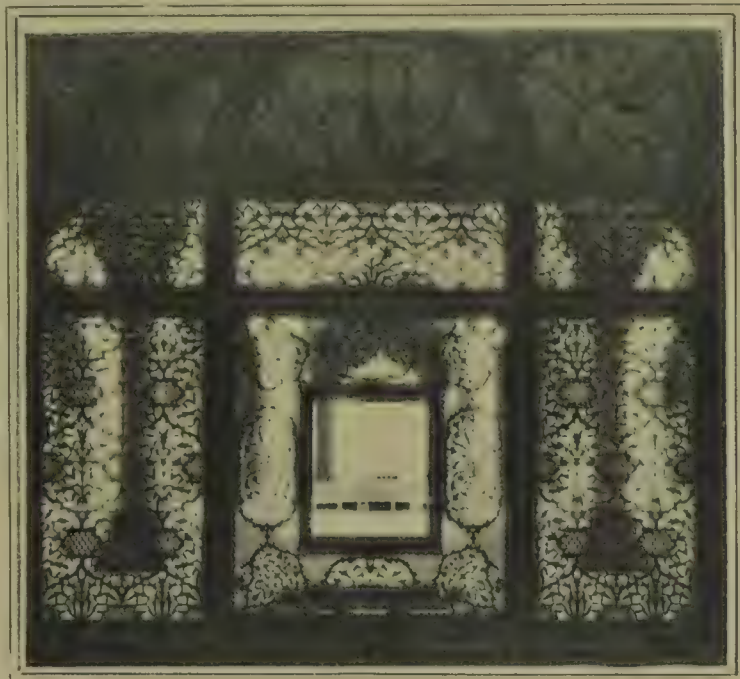
support the propagation of one of the greatest of our time? If it does, the cry will be "Onward!" regardless of material benefit. If it fails us, it will be a case of "I've victis!" with all that wail implies of sorrow and disappointment.

"MARBLE WROUGHT INTO LACE": THE EXQUISITE CARVING OF INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR HERBERT INGRAM.



SHOWING THE SCALES OF JUSTICE OVER THE CENTRAL SCREEN: A NEARER VIEW OF THE MARBLE LATTICE-WORK IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.



CARVED OUT OF SOLID MARBLE: SCREEN-WORK OF DELICATE TRACERY IN THE FORT AT DELHI, A PALACE BUILT BY THE MOGUL EMPEROR SHAH JEHAN.



IN AKBAR'S TOMB, AT SECUNDR, NEAR AGRA: "MARBLE TRELLIS-WORK OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PATTERN."



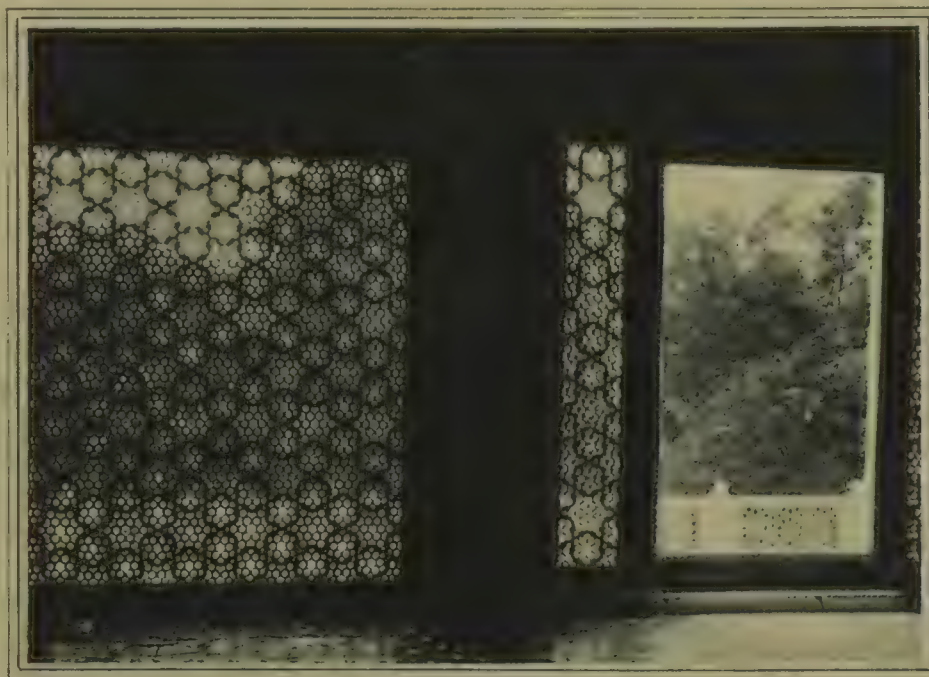
"A DREAM IN MARBLE": IN THE TAJ MAHAL AT AGRA—THE NORTH GATEWAY OF THE TOMB.



WHERE ARABESQUE TRACERY MINGLES WITH BUDDHIST DESIGN: THE ENTRANCE TO AKBAR'S TOMB, SECUNDR.



A MIST OF MARBLE: THE EXQUISITELY SOFT EFFECT OF BUILDINGS SEEN THROUGH LATTICE-WORK IN ONE OF THE MOGUL TOMBS AT AGRA.



"MARBLE SCREENS OF EXQUISITE PATTERN, WROUGHT LIKE LACE": IN THE MAUSOLEUM OF ITAMAD-UD-DAULA AT AGRA.

Tennyson describes the towers of Camelot as "pricked with incredible pinnacles into heaven." Equally incredible, if they did not exist, would be the screens carved out of solid marble into the most delicate lattice-work which adorn the tombs of the Moguls at Agra and Delhi. "The Taj-Mahal at Agra," writes Sir William Wilson Hunter in his book "The Indian Empire," "justifies Heber's exclamation that its builders had designed like Titans and finished like jewellers. The open-carved marble windows and screens at Ahmadabad, which look like open lace-work in marble, furnish examples of the skilful ornamentation which beautifies

every Indian building." The Taj Mahal was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, who also built the palace at Delhi, which is now known as the Fort. Describing Akbar's Tomb at Secundra, near Agra, Sir George Forrest, in his "Cities of India" mentions "an outer screen of marble divided into panels of marble trellis-work of the most beautiful pattern." Of the tomb of Itamad-ud-Daula at Agra, he says: "It has a canopy-shaped roof with wide projecting eaves, and is supported on twelve marble pillars with marble screens of exquisite pattern, wrought like lace, between them."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

It was a very agitated world for a time last week, when the royal order for full state for Princess Mary's wedding was cancelled, and succeeded by one for morning dress with hats. A large number of evening gowns had been planned by those sure of being bidden to the great ceremony. Dresses with Victorian décolleté bodices were being fashioned for the ladies of the Royal Family when the new ruling exploded this bomb. A wise and kindly act by a King ever thoughtful, it has yet come hardly on West-End dressmakers. Last year, about this time, they were looking optimistically forward to a good season, when Courts were cancelled owing to the coal strike. The dresses were made, and some had been sent home for the first function, and orders had been placed for gowns for the other three. Just now trade was once again more promising, and about 700 new, and more or less costly, evening gowns had been arranged for. There is the prospect that later they will be made for a Court; there is also the less cheerful prospect that they will be much modified, or cancelled altogether. As to the wearers of the dresses, some are disappointed, others relieved. The fact that the whole aspect of the Royal Wedding is changed is generally regretted, but the 'flu fiend is as difficult to appease as the strike fiend; both are destructive beasts. There will, it is feared, be no wholesale demand for new afternoon dresses for the wedding, as it is rather early in the season for the best fashions. However, personally I believe it will be the occasion for a great display of early spring

mutually promised each other to refrain from jumping afterwards. When Lord Coventry was Master of the Queen's Buckhounds, he saw all the sport and was a first-rate Master, without doing any jumping. The new Viscountess Sandon made a really satisfactory bride for description by a novelist: tall, fair, slender and lovely—what would you more? Lord Sandon is over six feet, and as dark as his bride is fair. Her dress was charming. The way the beautiful old Brussels lace flounce was draped on it without cutting it, was masterly. It formed one sleeve, was draped down one side of the skirt, then carried up and allowed to fall gracefully over the other side of the train. It was a pretty idea, too, having the christening veil given to her at that time by her godmother, Princess Christian, falling from a cap-like arrangement of the tulle veil at the back. Princess Christian's younger daughter was there, and could see how carefully the lovely lace had been preserved. The Hon. George Coventry, eldest grandson of the veteran Earl, received the Princess, and with him was his bride, daughter of Sir Owen and Lady Philipps, and a very pretty girl.

Without being either *gourmet* or *gourmand*, we are a race highly appreciative of really good things. That is why there are columns and columns of advertisements in our morning papers for cooks. We always hope for the angel rather than the devil-sent variety, but have to take our chance, albeit we can secure the beneficent origin of the food. There is a little book I know which makes the smart woman to some extent independent of the queen of the kitchen, while, if that female be a blessing, the book will be blessed by her. Called "A Guide to Good Living," the little book really acts up to its title. It introduces the many delicacies of that celebrated house, Crosse and Blackwell's, and tells how to conjure them into hors d'œuvre, soups, salads, sweets, and dishes of all kinds for all occasions. Quallioti, the chef of Napoleon, was at Crosse and Blackwell's while his one-time master was in St. Helena. Soyer, the greatest chef of his time, was associated with the firm. We know how excellent are the many C. and B. preparations, and the little book tells us how to put them to the best use.

I hear that the Royal Horticultural Society's big show at Chelsea this year is to beat its own magnificent record. It is fixed for May 23 and 24. Every year it seems to be more and more beautiful, and every year

women take more and more interest in their gardens. The Marchioness of Cambridge is, I am told, so enthusiastic a practical gardener that it is a fight between her doctor and her flowers, the latter proving easy winners, for she laughs at rheumatism, and Lady Cambridge loves her gardening. The big July show usually held in the grounds of Holland House will be held elsewhere this year.

Princess Yolanda of Italy is now nearing her twenty-first birthday, which she will celebrate on July 1. Rumour has of late been busy with her betrothal, first to the Duke of Brabant, elder son of the King and Queen of the Belgians, who is about five months her junior, then to King Boris of Bulgaria, who is twenty-eight. Both rumours have been denied. The eldest Italian Princess will be an asset to any country to which she goes as prospective Queen, for she is not only beautiful in looks, but also in character. Religion need not prove a barrier; her mother was, until before her marriage, a member of the Orthodox Greek Church. Her transference to the Roman Catholic Church was a difficult matter, for the Greek Church is singularly pure and strict, and strongly objects to secession. It was, notwithstanding, arranged, and the Italian family are White, not Vatican, or Black, Catholics, therefore religion need be no stumbling-block to Princess Yolanda's marriage with any Prince. Personally, I am told she is a very broad-minded Princess, and religious in the spirit rather than in accordance with ritual. Princess Mafalda, also a charming and pretty girl, is fifteen months her elder sister's junior; then comes the Heir Apparent, Prince Umberto, who was seventeen last September; and there are two younger Princesses. Princess Yolanda is said to resemble, more than any other member of the family, the Queen Mother, Margherita, the beloved of Italians as "the Pearl of Savoy."

Women will have more orders to wear at the Royal Wedding than has ever been the case before. On the other hand, those who have the only orders available for our sex in Victorian times are getting fewer. The Imperial Order of

the Crown of India is still available; that of Victoria and Albert has not been given since the death of Queen Victoria. Ladies other than royal who have it and will wear the badge on the 28th, are the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Emily Lady Amptill, Harriot Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Dowager Countess of Antrim, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Dowager Countess of Lytton, Ina Duchess of Argyll, and Viscountess Churchill. These who have it of the Fourth Class are the Hon. Mrs. Ferguson, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Lady Cowell, the Hon. Lady Mallet, the Hon. Mrs. Grant, the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, and Mrs. Houghton. The list of ladies appointed to the Crown of India is longer, and includes Harriot Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Lansdowne, and the Dowager Lady Lytton, who have also the V.A. Dames Commanders of the Order of the British Empire also include Harriot Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who will probably be the most decorated lady present, as she has also the Grand Cross of the Turkish Order of the Sefkat, and the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun. The Marchioness of Lansdowne will come, next, I imagine, as, in addition to the honours already mentioned, she is a Companion of Honour, an order of not more than fifty members, and the badge of which is inscribed: "In action faithful and in honour clear." A. E. L.



A NEW NOTE IN HATS.

To start with, it is made of old hand embroidery, and a new and most alluring modern touch is given by the strap of coral beneath the chin. It is the creation of M. Zyrot, 18, Grafton Street.



THE LURE OF YELLOW AND GOLD.

An ideal rest garment with a skirt of yellow crêpe-de-Chine and a bodice of gold lace with wide sleeves. It comes from Debenham and Freebody.

fashions, plus jewels, decorations and orders. I hope, therefore, that the West End will not do so badly after all.

It was a pleasant thing to see the Earl and Countess of Coventry thoroughly enjoying the wedding of their grand-daughter last week. They are a typically British, highly-placed couple. For fifty-six years they have been married lovers. They have always been very keen about sport. It is told of them that many years ago they had a very narrow escape from death through their horses jumping into a disused gravel pit, and they



A TEA-GOWN OF MAUVE GEORGETTE.

It is severely classical in outline, and its only trimming is a diamanté girdle. The gown itself is of soft mauve georgette with a blue hem of the same material. Debenham and Freebody are responsible for it.



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Crosse & Blackwell
to your grocer!*

1706



EVER since 1706, the House of Crosse & Blackwell has maintained an unbroken tradition for Quality. In the days of Queen Anne, while Marlborough was fighting our battles abroad, the founders of the firm were making the history of English table delicacies.

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Crosse & Blackwell's are the "Pick of all Pickles." Only the perfect fruit or the perfect vegetable enters a Crosse & Blackwell jar. Only pure and genuine malt vinegar is used. That is why Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles are far more digestible than many other brands made with Chemical vinegars.



POTTED MEATS AND FISH.

You enjoy the real savoury flavour of the meats, fish or game in Crosse & Blackwell's famous potted meats and fish. A dainty jar on the table at breakfast or luncheon is always appreciated, and the different varieties provide a wide choice of delicious sandwiches for Bridge Parties, At Homes, & Picnics.



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Ask too for Crosse & Blackwell's Salad Oil, and you make sure of getting the very best, purest refined Olive oil only.



SOUPS.

All Crosse & Blackwell's soups are the genuine article. There are no cheap ingredients to fill out. The soups are so highly concentrated that they need the addition of a good one-third bulk of water. While costing a little more than ordinary soups, they are far more convenient in use and considerably more nutritious and appetising.



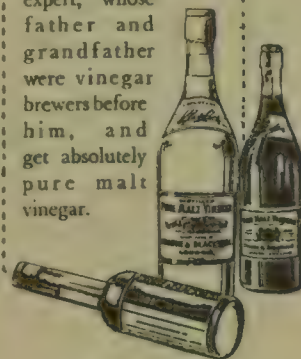
SAUCES.

A very large variety of Sauces is made by Crosse & Blackwell. All are combined with genuine pure malt vinegar, well matured. Tomato Sauce, Anchovy Sauce, Mushroom Catsup, are some favourites. Crosse & Blackwell are also Principal Selling Agents for Lea & Perrins', the only genuine Worcester Sauce.



VINEGAR.

Beware of chemical vinegars, they are injurious. Insist on Crosse & Blackwell's Vinegar. Specially brewed by our vinegar expert, whose father and grandfather were vinegar brewers before him, and get absolutely pure malt vinegar.



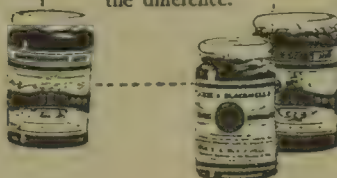
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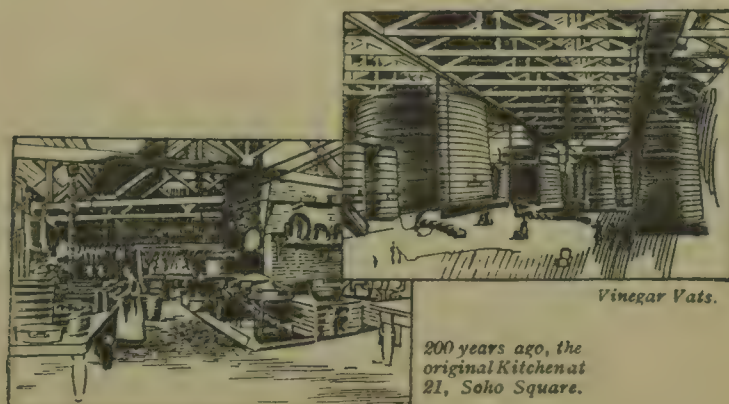


1922

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Vinegar Vats.

200 years ago, the original kitchen at 21, Soho Square.

LANGUAGE: LIVING AND DEAD.

FROM "A I" to "Zoilism," "A Dictionary of English Phrases" is as fascinating as its subject would suggest. Every letter of the alphabet is responsible.

In the A's comes "An Abraham Newland"—a Bank of England note so dubbed after the name of the cashier at the beginning of the nineteenth century—to form a parallel with our "Bradbury," which should now be a "Fisher"; "Academy Headache"; "The Alexandra Limp"; and "Antimacassar," the last-named defined as "a covering of a chair, etc., used as a protection. From Greek *anti* (against) and Macassar, the name of an oil," which is hardly adequate, for it should be known that Macassar was a hair-oil, and that the "shield" consequent upon its use was placed only where the head rested.

In the B's are "Bad cess to you!" from the Irish "cess," meaning board and lodging; "To Boost," which is defined delightfully as "To assist upwards"; and "To Bite one's thumb at: to insult. The thumb represented a fig, and the action amounted to an intimation that the other party to the controversy was not considered of the value of a fig."

Then to C, with two elucidations of "Cocktail": the second "a drink . . . from a Mexican favourite drink, Octel, after Xochitl, who first concocted it."

D brings "Dilly"—long before "Poy"—"a wheeled vehicle, a contraction of diligence."

In E "The Entente Cordiale" appears not only in its present use, but as coined by Louis Philippe in 1843.

F yields "Fourteen Hundred: the cry uttered on the London Stock Exchange when the presence of a stranger is detected . . . the number of members of the Exchange was for long limited to 1399."

In G, we learn that Ginger is a corruption of "Guinevere, Queen of King Arthur, who is said to have had red hair."

"Hear! Hear!" is a simplification of "Hear Him!" "Highland Bail," the Scot should know, equals "pugilistics."

"Ivory, Black," alludes to the African slaves who were exported in company with the white tusks.

A "John Roberts" is "a tankard holding sufficient

liquor to last a man from Saturday to Monday. In allusion to John Roberts, M.P., at whose instance the Welsh Sunday Closing Act was adopted in 1886."

In the K's "A Kindheart" is a dentist! Merely after an Elizabethan practitioner of that name!

"To Lay in Lavender" is to pawn! "Because goods pledged with a pawnbroker used to be kept in lavender."

"The M.B. Waistcoat"—a clerical waistcoat

Amongst the O's "Old Bags" refers to Lord Eldon, the former Lord Chancellor, and alludes to his habit of carrying in separate brief-bags details of cases upon which he had to deliver judgment.

"Patter," the comedian will hear with amazement, is "quick and thoughtless speech . . . from Pater Noster, the Lord's Prayer."

"Queen Anne's fan" is "an offensive gesture, made by the thumb and fingers spread out from the nose!"

The famous "Richard's himself again" is an interpolation. John Kemble, who derived it from Colley Cibber, put it into Shakespeare's "Richard III."

The "Sandwich," after John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich (1718-92), owed its being to that nobleman's desire for a light repast which would enable him to eat without interrupting his gaming!

"To set the Thames afire" is not, as a rule, correctly interpreted. The allusion is not to the river. "'Thames' is a corruption of 'temse,' a sieve. A sifter would have to exercise very great energy before the friction he caused set fire to the sieve."

There is another "Underground Railway"! The one defined was an organisation for the secret conveyance of slaves into Canada from the U.S. before the abolition of slavery.

The common or garden "Vesta" match is from the sacred fire tended by the Vestal Virgins.

"The Warming-Pans" may mean the Jacobites: "so-called from the belief that the Old Pretender was not the child of James II. and Marie d'Este, but had been brought to the palace in a warming-pan."

X—always ill provided for—is represented by "A Xantippe: a scolding woman. After the wife of Socrates."

Y yields "A Yorkshire Bite: a transaction in which the trickster over-reaches himself."

And so to Z, and "Zedland: the western counties of England, where 's' is pronounced as 'z.'"

This to introduce a work not only valuable for casual reference, but as a book to be read. Nothing could be more intellectually amusing and stimulating.

* "A Dictionary of English Phrases." By A. M. Hyamson, F.R.Hist.S. (Routledge; 12s. 6d. net.)



HOW A FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL IS COMMEMORATING ITS WAR HEROES:
THE DESIGN FOR THE MEMORIAL GATEWAY AT CLIFTON COLLEGE.

The memorial gateway at Clifton College is being built, at the instance of the Old Cliftonian Society, to commemorate over 600 "old boys" who fell in the war. The architects are Messrs. H. Percy Adams, F.R.I.B.A., and Charles Holden, F.R.I.B.A., of Knightsbridge. Besides the gateway, the memorial includes an Exhibition Fund and an Endowment Fund.—[Drawn by Major Charles Holden, F.R.I.B.A.]

opening behind or at the side—owes its name to the fact that it was favoured originally by Tractarian clergymen alone. These were accused of a leaning towards Roman Catholicism, so their opponents named the distinctive garment in question the M.B., or Mark of the Beast, waistcoat!

Then we come to New Journalism, "in which undue emphasis is given to personal and sensational matters. Introduced into England from the United States about 1884."



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FESTAL Chocolates

Have you noticed that
Festl Chocolates
have been reduced in
price?
Instead of 4/- they
are now 3/4 per pound.
You must try a box,
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THE NEW
EASY-TO-OPEN
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THIS new easy-to-open "Nugget" tin contains the finest Boot Polish in the world. The tin has been specially designed for easy opening and the perfect keeping of the polish.

To open—simply lay the tin down flat, lid upwards. Strike the top edge of the lid *very hard* all round with the back of the brush. The lid will expand and lift off easily.

No. 815

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BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



“BLACK & WHITE”

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE WHEEL" AT THE APOLLO.

THE central situation of "The Wheel" has been used before in fiction, but that is no argument against Mr. Fagan's adopting it, especially if he gives it new circumstances and employs it effectively. This is the situation. A man and a woman in love, believing that death for both of them is only a few hours distant, let their passion overleap the barriers of convention (Mr. Fagan's heroine is married to a husband twenty years older than herself), and then find themselves reprieved. What are they to do? This particular woman says they must tell the husband and then go their own way of freedom; but when the time for telling comes, her husband is so gentle and unselfish, so full of plans for her comfort, that she cannot carry out her resolve, and dismisses her lover to go back to her old dissatisfied life. From the standpoint of good morals and good taste, this may not be a very satisfactory situation, but it is undoubtedly possible with a certain type of woman. The only question is whether Mr. Fagan's Mrs.

Dangan is this type and would not have been more uncompromising. The playwright manages his situation well. His pair are in an isolated Buddhist monastery beyond the outposts of Western rule. A hill tribe threatens their safety. Reports come in that the relief column has suffered defeat. Their surrender to love under the shadow of death is made natural enough, and Mr. Fagan's management of local colour and Buddhist atmosphere more than passes muster. But the woman—would she have gone back? She would, as Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry portrays her, but surely not as she is outlined by the author. For

his heroine is no victim of circumstances; she makes them and jumps at them. From the first she is a siren luring on a young man with scruples; she throws herself at him, pursues him across India, and does all the wooing. Thus it is Miss Terry's art rather than Mr. Fagan's that magnetises us into accepting the play. This majestic-looking creature lends the woman a tragic air, an appearance of nobility, a submissiveness to fate that is not hers by right. Miss Terry has come home with her powers matured no less than her physique, and she has unlearned much of the *gaucherie* of her novitiate. She still saws



BRITISH PIONEERS OF FOOTBALL IN SPAIN: THE UNBEATEN TEAM OF THE RIO TINTO COMPANY'S STAFF.

Our correspondent who sends this photograph, from Huelva, says: "We are the first and only all-British football team in Spain. We are all members of the Rio Tinto staff. The names, from left to right, are: A. L. Dotto, J. J. Borrie, F. W. Timmis, W. J. Rogers, J. Baird, A. N. Tate, C. Stewart, J. H. Howell, E. Rowcroft, P. Rogers, and W. T. F. Higgins. So far, we are unbeaten."

her arms about too much, and has still to put a little more variety and colour into her fine diction, but she has come on greatly. She gets excellent help at the Apollo—from Mr. Robert Horton, sweetest-tempered of husbands; from Mr. Philip Merivale, an angular but eloquent lover; from Mr. Randle Ayrton, a Buddhist priest who gives point to his every line; and from Mr. Frank Denton and Miss Edith Evans, who are better than their (comic) parts. On the whole, a most interesting play, and a step forward in Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's career.

"MONEY DOESN'T MATTER." AT THE ALDWYCH.

Miss Gertrude Jennings has command of humour and a gift for eccentric characterisation that make for refreshment in the theatre; but these endowments do not atone for incapacity to invent a plot when they have to work alone through a full-length play. At the Aldwych she has made one more shot at providing a complete evening's entertainment, but "Money Doesn't Matter" is but thin stuff. In her first act we call with a middle-aged spinster on Pansy Berkeley, the flighty daughter of a peer whose wife almost rivals himself in silliness, and we meet samples of the

fast and idiotic set of youngsters which the married daughter frequents. She expatiates on the freedom her husband allows her; but really he, poor lad, as married to a wife with a fortune, is looking out for a livelihood to put him on an equality with her. Then we learn that Pansy's fortune has gone—her old fool of a father has lost his own money and hers. So away we go in the second act to a Battersea court where Pansy finds the noises from rowdy neighbours distracting, and is glad to welcome a visitor from her old circle. But he comes on one of his calls with a proposal for an

elopement; and as the young pair have already had words about him, the men have a bout of fisticuffs—a decidedly comical bout. Miss Jennings might have ended her story here with the inevitable reconciliation of boy husband and wife, but there was another act due from her, and it is eked out with a temporary misunderstanding. Mr. Dion Calthrop and Miss Doris Lytton do their best for the younger pair of idiots, and Mr. Eric Lewis and Miss Kate Cutler for the elder pair, while Miss Henrietta Watson tenders common-sense to her stage companions with her customary air of authority.



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FEBRUARY 13 and 14.—VALUABLE ILLUMINATED AND OTHER MANUSCRIPTS, PRINTED BOOKS, etc., the property of Captain John Harrison-Broadley; also a contemporary account of the Scots Guards in 1688 and a Remarkable Byzantine Psalter. *Illustrated Catalogues (6 plates), price 2s. 6d.*

FEBRUARY 15.—THE VERY IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS, the property of Max J. Bonn, Esq.; also 55 Original Drawings by JOHN DOWNMAN, A.R.A., the property of the late Sir Edward F. Coates, Bt., M.P.

Illustrated Catalogues of the Bonn Collection (16 plates), price 5s.

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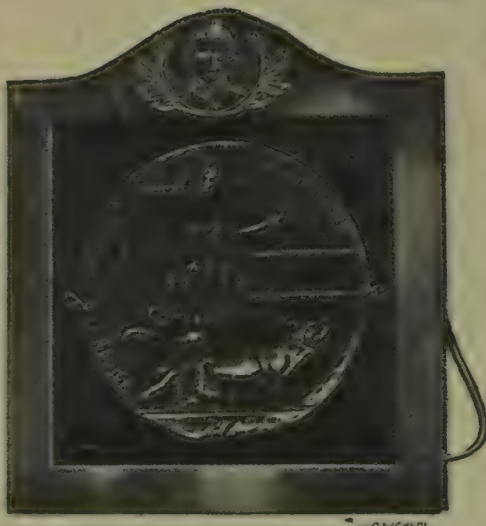
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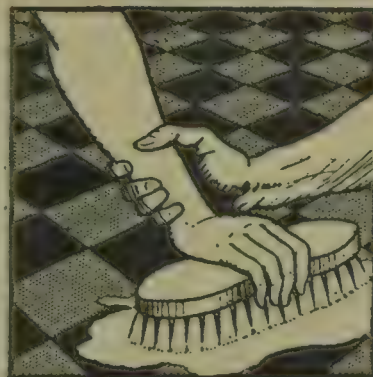
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The "Motor" and the Ministry of Transport. Recently the editorial staff of the *Motor* was received in conference by the Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Transport. The latter was accompanied by some of the principal members of the staff of the Ministry, and what seems

the present Administration. Mr. Neal seems to have been in a perpetual state of "wondering why?" Apparently he had not heard that the method of taxing on Treasury horse-power worked harm to our overseas trade. He was told it did. "Why?" he wanted to know. Because, was the answer, it has resulted in the evolution of small-bore, long-stroke engines which, admirable for use on our own roads, are quite unsuitable for overseas conditions. It was suggested that, for good reasons given, the registration book should be abolished. Again the question: "Why?" As a matter of fact, it would seem that in relation to most points raised at the conference Mr. Neal and his advisers were more or less uninformed. It seems passing strange that, in view of all the comment, all the criticism, that has been levelled at the registration and licensing scheme as we know it, the officials and the Ministry of Transport should apparently know so little of the reasons why people object to it. It is to be hoped that some measure of enlightenment has come as a result of the conference. The thanks of

because of their neglect to illuminate their number-plates the necessary half-hour before the statutory lighting-up time for other vehicles. It may be agreed that in the winter months an hour after sunset is too late for lighting-up. Most prudent drivers actually light their lamps long before that time, and quite rightly. When the new lighting laws are passed it is to be hoped that the universal time will be half-an-hour after the sun has set. The fact that such a general change in the law is desirable does not alter the absurdity of the present regulation. Whatever the legal time for lighting lamps, it should be the same in all cases. In this connection the reflection cannot be avoided that in some parts of the country the police appear to have very little to do if they can find time to detect and prosecute whole batches of offenders against the plate-illuminating regulation. Sir Eric Geddes's committee might turn their attention to economy in the direction of a reduction in the apparently excessive numbers of policemen on the pay-rolls.

A Successful Appeal.

At the recent Lancashire County Sessions, the Automobile Association supported an appeal against the conviction of Mr. J. Chalmers (an Edinburgh member of the A.A.) at Ormskirk, in October last, (Continued overleaf.



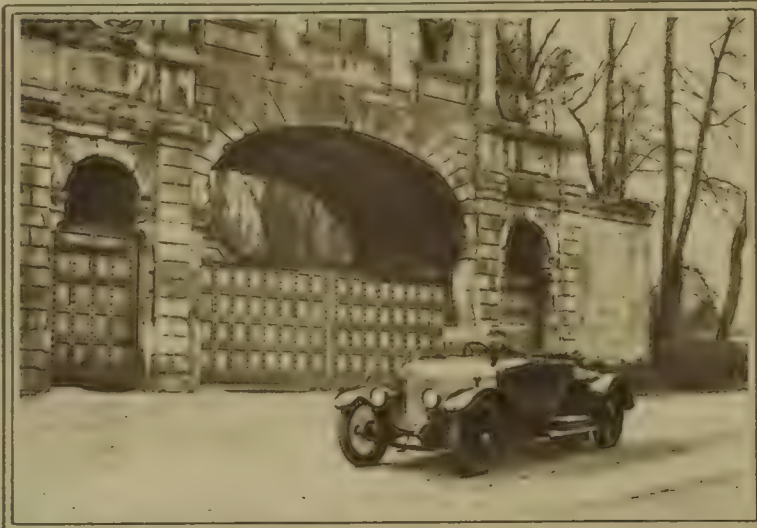
TAKING IN FUEL AT THE NEW FILLING STATION OF THE PEEBLES MOTOR CO., LTD., AT EDINBURGH: A 16-40-H.P. SUNBEAM CAR.

to have been a very interesting discussion of the present disadvantages of the motor taxation scheme ensued. The conference seems to have been the outcome of the very outspoken manner in which the journal named has, among others, criticised the present system, and the Ministry appears to have sought to put itself right in the eyes of the motoring public. If one were inclined to be cynical—and I confess I feel somewhat that way—one would ask whether there might not be some connection with this belated effort and the apparent imminence of a General Election. Still, it is only right to give credit to the Ministry for the desire it has manifested to discuss at first hand with the *Motor* the matters which have been the subject of well-deserved criticism. It cannot be said that much promise has emerged from the published report of the proceedings at the conference. What does strike one is the real or assumed official ignorance of the undoubted harm that is being done to industry by the left-handed methods of taxation adopted by

the motoring community are due to the *Motor* for having carried the matter so far.

The Lighting Chaos.

Motorists must not forget that the present law requires the rear number-plate to be illuminated between the hours of half-an-hour after sunset and half-an-hour before sunrise. Side-lamps need not be lighted up until half-an-hour later, and may be extinguished a similar time before sunrise. In certain localities the police have lately been active in enforcing this utterly stupid regulation. The other day a number of drivers were prosecuted and fined at Woolwich



WITH A BODY OF BEATEN ALUMINIUM, AND A DICKEY SEAT: A STRAKER-SQUIRE "SIX"—A SPORTING TWO-SEATER.

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"Twelve"
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Speaking of Oxford Street, the new "Austin Twenty" four-door Ranelagh Coupe, shown here, is ideal for shopping. It is so easy to get into and out of, and is as smart in appearance as it is powerful for the farthest touring.

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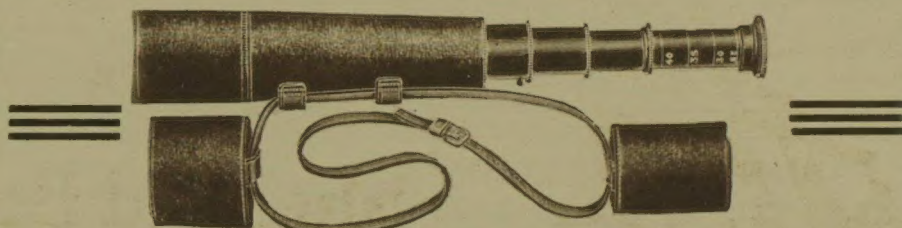
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Continued.
for driving in a manner dangerous to the public. It was alleged at the original hearing that the defendant, in turning a corner, did so at an excessive speed, in consequence of which he lost control of his car and collided with a motor lorry; but evidence was now called to prove that the collision was accidental, and that all reasonable precautions were taken to avoid danger. After a lengthy hearing, the Justices at Quarter Sessions were satisfied that the collision was purely accidental, allowed the appeal, quashed the conviction, and granted costs against the police.

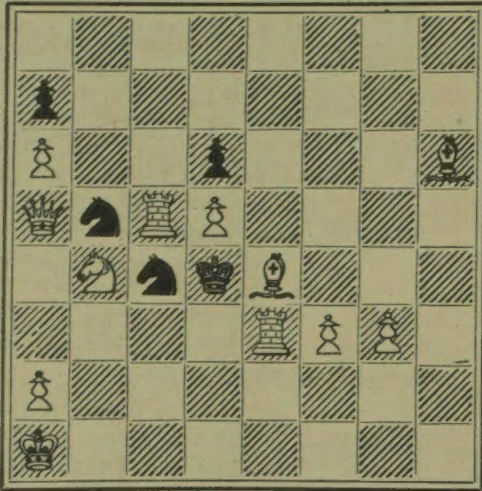
The Motor Show in One Building. Speaking at the annual dinner of the Scottish Motor Trade Association on the occasion of the opening of the Glasgow Show, Sir A. Mays-Smith made the interesting announcement that the Olympia Motor Show will be held under one roof next November. The inconvenience attaching to holding the show in two separate buildings—Olympia and the White City—has led to negotiations, which have been practically completed, and which will result in Olympia being enlarged by nearly 50 per cent. This will go a long way towards solving the space problem. Even though it should not present a complete solution, the decision will be welcome to exhibitors and public alike. The White City experiment has not been at all a success from anybody's point of view—least of all from that of the exhibitors there.

During February, Burberrys, of Haymarket, are disposing of a large quantity of goods not required for trading purposes in the coming months at half and below half the ordinary selling prices. The stock consists of men's and women's weatherproof top-coats, men's lounge and sporting suits, and women's tailored coats and skirts, being left-on-hand, model, and other surplus garments, all offering remarkable values. In addition, half pieces and less of suitings and overcoatings will be made up to order at special prices; patterns of these materials and full list of garments available may be had on application to Messrs. Burberrys.

"Canada To-Day," 1921-22, is the sixth issue of the popular annual published from the offices of *Canada*, the London illustrated weekly, at 2s. 6d. The story of Canada to-day—its progress, prosperity, and opportunities—is told in a series of special articles, the volume comprising 128 pages. In this way, everybody who desires to know anything regarding Canadian affairs or conditions can easily, by turning to the index, find out the information required. All the important phases of life and work in the Dominion, as well as its natural resources, are dealt with. The volume will appeal to those contemplating permanent settlement, touring, or business in Canada—indeed, to everyone having interests of any kind, personal or otherwise, there. A special feature is the large number of excellent illustrations, covering practically every side of life in the Dominion.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3873.—By the late J. B. FISHER.
WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt 5th
2. Q to K B 7th (ch)
3. Kt to Q R 7th, mate
PROBLEM No. 3875.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.
Game played by correspondence between Messrs. H. SPENCELEY (London) and ALBERT TAYLOR (Sheffield).
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd
4. B takes Kt

Possibly intending to get out of book continuations, but altogether opposed to the theory of the Ruy Lopez.

4. Kt to B 3rd Kt P takes B
5. P to Q 3rd P to Q 3rd
6. P to K R 3rd P to K R 4th
7. P to K R 3rd P to K R 4th
The purpose of this move is not obvious, but its rashness admits of no doubt.

8. Kt to K 2nd B to Kt 2nd
9. Kt to Kt 3rd P to Kt 3rd
10. B to Kt 5th P to B 4th
11. Q to K 2nd Castles
12. Castles (K R) Q to Q 2nd
13. Kt to R 4th Q to Kt sq
14. P to K B 4th Kt to R 2nd
15. B takes B Q takes B
16. Kt (R 4) to B 5

A well planned piece of strategy. To accept the proffered Kt is to court the fate of Troy.

16. Q to K 3rd
17. Kt to R 6th (ch)
Kt takes R P is worth considering. It opens the way for an attack that Black would have great difficulty in successfully opposing.

17. K to R sq
18. P to K B 5th Q to B 3rd
19. P takes P Q takes P
20. Kt (Kt 3) to B 5 P to K B 3rd
21. R to B 2nd

Up to this point White has played a sound game and the position is distinctly in his favour, but his play here begins to show a

marked falling off. R to B 3rd was a distinctly better move.

21. Q to K sq
22. Q R to K B sq B to B sq
23. P to Q Kt 3rd

And now the correct defence of the threatened Q Kt P is by Q to B 3rd, which compels Black to take instant steps to protect himself.

23. B to K 3rd
24. K to B 2nd R to Q sq
25. Kt to Kt 3rd B to B 2nd
26. Kt takes B (ch) R takes Kt
27. Kt takes R P Q to K 3rd
28. Q to Kt 4th

Going far to lose the game. R to B 5th would cover a concentration of his forces in an attack on Black's King.

28. Q takes Q
29. P takes Q R to K Kt sq
30. K to Kt 3rd R to Kt 3rd
31. R to K R sq K to Kt sq
32. R to B 5th Kt to B sq
33. R (R sq) to K B sq

34. P to Kt 5th Kt to Q 2nd
35. R takes R (ch) R takes P (ch)
36. R to B 5th P takes R
37. P takes R K takes R
38. K to Kt 4th K to R 2nd
39. P to B 6th K to R 3rd

It is doubtful now if anything can save White, but Kt to Kt 3rd gives the best hope of escape. After the text move defeat is inevitable.

39. K to Kt 3rd
40. P to B 7th P to Q 4th
41. P to B 3rd P to Q 5th
42. P to B 4th P to K 5th
White resigns.

"MY SON," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

MR. HERBERT THOMAS has a fondness for small casts in his plays, and before now, despite such fettering conditions, has got a human touch into his work. In "My Son" he relies virtually on a trio of persons—a man, his wife, and their child—and evidently he meant the emotional significance of the piece to turn on the relations between mother and son. But this time he has fallen between two stools—hampered by a subject calling for the simplest and most natural scenes of elemental feeling with the machinery of "crook" melodrama. Nor is his melodrama happy. Here we are shown a wife so dense that it takes her two acts to discover what the audience tumbles to at once—that her husband is a burglar. An atmosphere of artificiality is, of course, created, and this is intensified by an extravagant and almost pointless masquerade on the man's part in which, wearing a sham beard and assuming husky tones, he pretends to be an old flame of hers. Whatever the purpose of the episode, the play on the first night never recovered from this stroke of absurdity. The burglar, when discovery comes and his wife repudiates him, goes off with the seven-year-old child to train him for a life of crime; and, eighteen years later, revengefully sends the boy back to break into his mother's home. If you can believe it, the lad does not recognise his mother at first, or that home. And she, unable to turn him from vice, shoots him, but not so seriously but that she can nurse him back to health (without medical discovery) and to a penitent mood. Turned honest, he becomes a bank clerk (of all things), and defeats his father's raid on the bank. In the end the father too gives up crime, and the parents are reconciled. Pheugh! What a story! Luckily, there are some strong passages of emotion for that accomplished and earnest actress, Miss Frances Ivor; but she has a hard battle to fight against her audience's sense of humour. And the play needs all the help it can get from Mr. Arthur Pusey's freshness and charm in the title-role. Its career is likely to be short.

Eve, the Lady's Pictorial, for Feb. 8 is a particularly good and versatile number. Exclusive snapshots are a special feature, and these include a special series of well-known people on the Riviera, and groups taken at the Buckingham County Ball and the Blankney Hunt Ball at Lincoln. A new portrait of Lady Lavery by a Spanish artist, a short story, Colin Gray on Books, Gossip from Paris and London, and humour by "Fish" and "Simple Simon" help to make this number of *Eve, the Lady's Pictorial*, particularly bright and entertaining.

In the "Catholic Directory 1922" (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; 3s. 6d. net), is given full information regarding the Roman Church and its associated institutions, in particular those of this country. Especially useful to parents and guardians is the educational section, with notices of Catholic colleges, schools and convents. As a work of reference it is remarkably compact and well arranged.

IN THE GREAT SOUTH.

Attention increasingly turns to the Dominions, and not least to the great countries of the South. Among thousands of people the conviction grows that their future, or that of their children, lies there.

The Union of SOUTH AFRICA is receiving its share of attention. Deservedly so. It is a comfortable country, with large resources; sufficiently developed to be well past the pioneer stage, yet with much development ahead.

That does not mean work for all comers; on the contrary, the supply of wage-earners at present exceeds the demand, and there is unemployment. But it does mean conditions that merit notice from those who are able to establish themselves without financial assistance or dependence on an employer.

The prospective farmer especially, if he has the necessary capital of not less than £2000, will find much that is attractive in the Union of SOUTH AFRICA. Land is cheap, taxation is comparatively light in the rural areas, living conditions are pleasant. There is great variety of soil and of climatic conditions, conducing to varied production. Every sort of farming has been well-established in some part or other of the country.

Not least worthy of attention is the wide choice of environment. The new-comer can hardly fail to find just the surroundings he seeks. There are the prairie-like plains and great mountain slopes of the Free State; the picturesque sub-tropical coastal belt, and the more bracingly-climated highland farms of Natal; the green hills and park-like country of Eastern Cape Province; the Karoo, famed for its unfailing sunshine and the tonic quality of its air; and the rich, mountain-girt valleys of Western Cape Province.

In the Transvaal there is a selection of all these environments: or a choice of the remoter pastoral life, away from the highways, in the ranching areas where game is still plentiful.

Particulars of the position and prospect in each branch of farming, and of facilities for obtaining training and guidance before investing, should in the first instance be obtained from the Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of SOUTH AFRICA, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

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Fur-Lined Embroidered Bedroom Slippers, Rs. 9-12 a pair; Lady's Wool - Embroidered, Fringed Leather Bags, to in. x 10 in., sambhur or brown, Rs. 30-12 a dozen; Best Tibetan Wool Floor Rug, 6 ft. x 4 ft., Wool, Embroidered on White Ground, Rs. 14-12. Prices post paid. Terms 25 per cent. advance, balance V.P.P.—K.M. & FINE ARTS AGENCY, Exporters, Srinagar, Kr. India.

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Try this
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**Foster's
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Family Tins
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The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
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Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels**. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—Bentley*

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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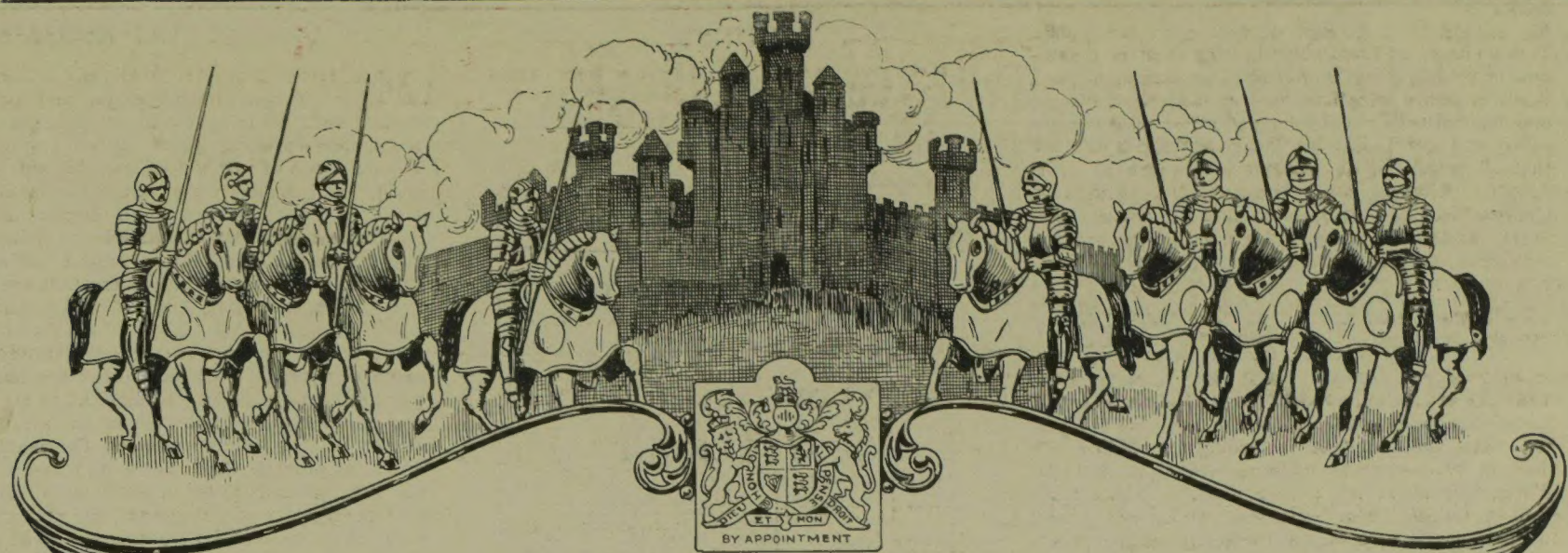
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against the effects of sun, wind and rain upon delicate, sensitive skins is provided in

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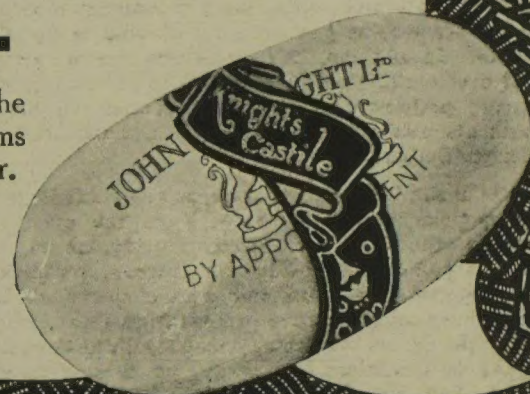
The great purifying and cleansing properties of this soap make the skin healthy, giving it power to resist the attacks of harmful germs which penetrate and disfigure a skin that lacks tone and vigour.

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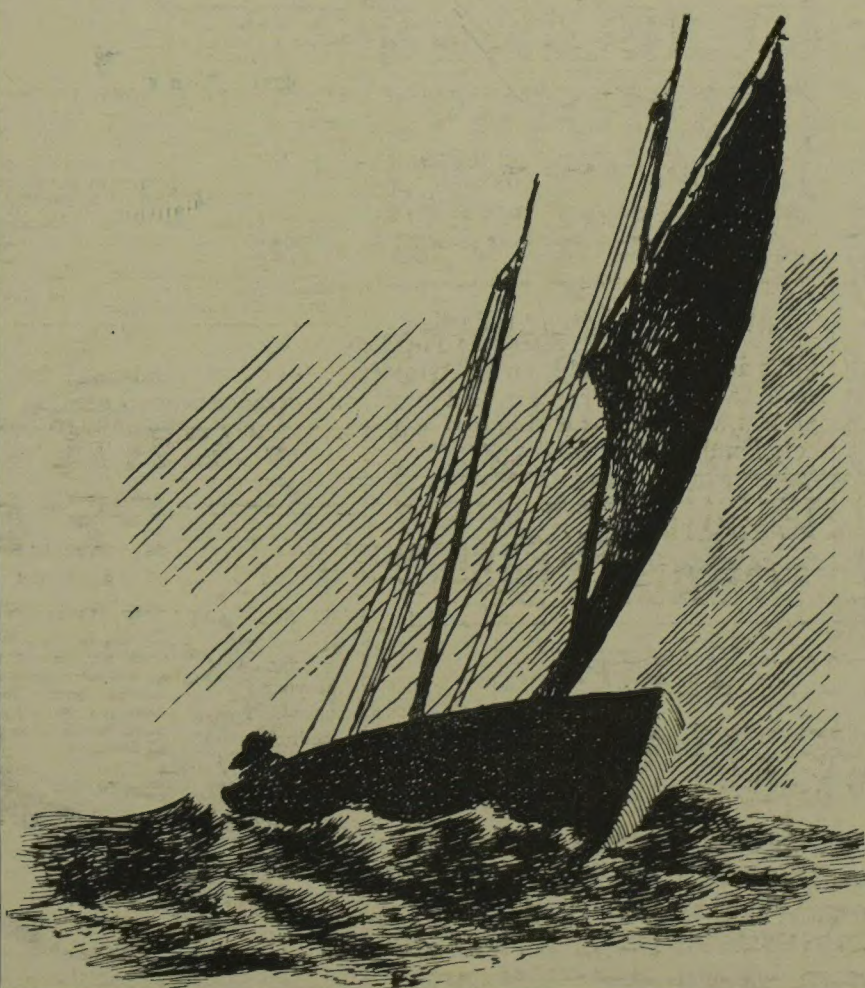
AVOID DRIFTING

INTO ILL-HEALTH

BY TAKING

A COURSE
OF

BEECHAM'S PILLS.



HOW 500,000 MEN and 500,000 WOMEN CAN SECURE NEW HAIR FREE.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF "HARLENE HAIR - DRILL."

1,000,000 Four-fold Hair-Beautifying Gifts to All Who Desire Radiantly Beautiful and Healthy Hair.

THAT Beautiful Hair has the real seal of Beauty is most readily and convincingly proved by the experiment below. No matter how Perfect the Features, how glorious the Complexion, how strongly marked the Character, if the Hair also is not Radiantly Beautiful all these treasured possessions will be sadly depreciated.



You may possess Beautiful Features—Beautiful Complexion—Beautiful Dresses—but without Healthy Hair perfect Beauty is impossible. But Healthy, Luxuriant Hair needs nothing to complete its wondrous charm. It is beauty itself.

To give everyone, man or woman, an opportunity of testing, free of charge, how Lovely Hair will enhance their personal appearance and charm, the proprietors of "Harlene Hair-Drill" are offering a wonderful FREE Four-Fold Hair-Beautifying Parcel, each a complete Outfit in itself, for a week's course of this great Hair Culture method. Each parcel will contain the following:—

- 1.—A bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair, acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair.
- 2.—A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo. This is an antiseptic Purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the Hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting cocoanut oils.
- 3.—A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of polish and brightness to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
- 4.—A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" manual of instructions, which gives you the secrets of "Hair Health" and Beauty as revealed by the world's Leading Authority on the hair.

WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF "HAIR-DRILL."

To-day all the leading Actresses, Cinema Queens, and Society Leaders make "Harlene Hair-Drill" a part of their daily toilet, and willingly testify to its hair-growing and beautifying results.

Healthy, Radiant, Abundant Hair makes all the difference to a woman's appearance, and a man's, too, for that matter, and now you have the

opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Drill" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty FREE.

If you are troubled about the condition of your hair, if you suffer in any way from

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Falling Hair, | 5. Scurf, |
| 2. Greasy Scalp, | 6. Over-dry Scalp, |
| 3. Splitting Hair, | 7. Thinning Hair, |
| 4. Dank and Lifeless Hair, | 8. Baldness, |

don't delay a day in writing for your Hair Beauty Gift. The demand will be enormous. Not often is so generous an offer made to the public, and those who delay may be disappointed.

NO EXCUSE FOR UNHEALTHY HAIR.

If you have not hair that is healthy, radiant and luxuriant, hair that is free from unhealthy accumulations, hair that defies Father Time, hair that glints and glistens in the sun, try "Harlene Hair-Drill."

"Harlene Hair-Drill" will banish and prevent the return of all hair-health defects and you can prove this free, as so many others have already done. Make up your mind to accept this free offer at once.

DO NOT DELAY A MOMENT LONGER.

Post the coupon at once—TO-DAY—enclosing 4d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.



As an experiment just cut out the features of the left-hand pictures and place them on the blank spaces of the right-hand designs. Then you will at once prove to your complete satisfaction that Beautiful Hair does really improve your personal appearance.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1/6 per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" at 3/- and 5/- per bottle, from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

THE COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE



"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED
20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

(Illustrated London News, 11/2/22)

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B. If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.